Vultus Apellinea *pictus* Barone *tabella est*

Totus Apollinea *fingitur arte liber.*

W. Marshall *sculpsit.* John Hobart Gent:

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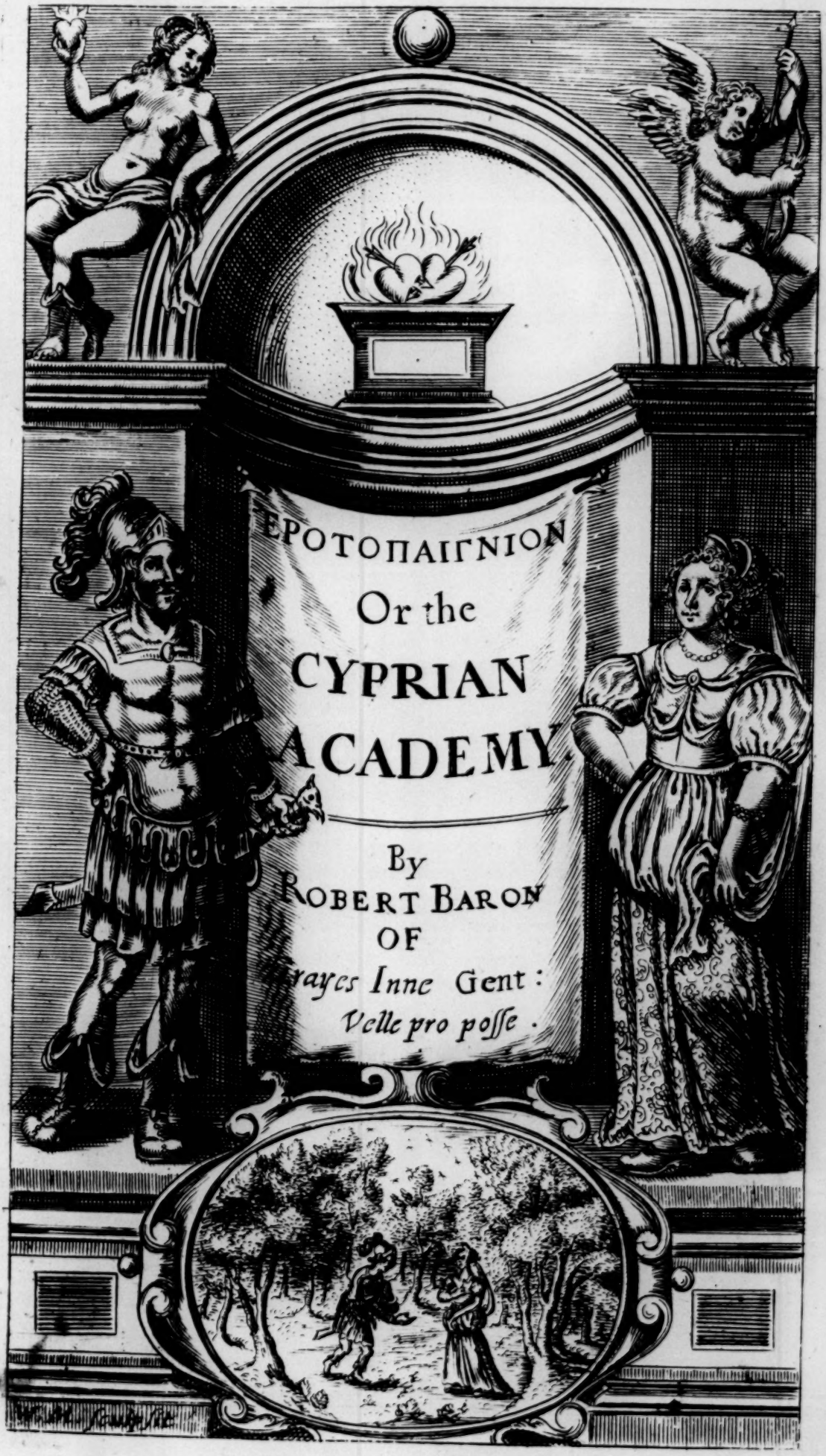
ΕΡΟΤΟΠΑΙΓΝΙΟΝ
Or the
CYPRIAN
ACADEMY.
By
ROBERT BARON
OF
rayes Inne Gent:
Velle pro posse.

ΕΡΟΤΟΠΑΙΓΝΙΟΝ

Or the

CYPRIAN ACADEMY.

By

ROBERT BARON

OF

Grayes Inne, Gent.

Velle proposse.

LONDON,
Printed by *W.W.* and are to be sold by
J. Hardesty, *T. Huntington*, and *T. Jackson*
at their Shops in *Duck-lane*.
1647.

TO THE SUPEREMINENT PARAGON OF ART, AND Literature, the truly noble *James Howell* Eſquire, *Neſtors* Longævity and both worlds Felicity.

Honored Sir,

AS *I did frequently take freſh aire in your* Dodonæan *grove attending the Articulate, and intelligible ſuſurrations of your ever verdant vegitals, (to which former ages have nothing (in that kind) to aſſimulate, neither ſhall future times be able to parallel,) from theſe Apollinean Plants of yours, I have ſlifted here a twig, and there a ſprig, and I have beſtowed ſome time in binding them in a bundle, which with my ſelfe I humbly offer to your approved cenſure, it being the* Apex *of my ambition to have your honour'd ſelfe my juſtice in Eyre, I cannot ſay with* Perſius

Nec ſcombros metuent mea carmina, nec thus

for this confuſed truſſe of twiggs (as I may ſay) though made of greene wood, yet is it far from meriting any longævity, it deſerves rather to kin-

Bridges Lib.

dle

dle a ſacrifice for Julian, *yet your name being out in the rind, theſe twiggs may chance vegitate and flouriſh.*

And know I not that you can as well indulge, as cenſure my green Muſe which hath ſcarce yet diſplayed her vernall bloſomes, durſt not from ſuch a Nadir of minoritie elevate her flaggie pinion to the Zeneth of your perfection.

Sir, when your rare parts of vertue induced me to kiſſe your hands, and make ſeverall addreſſes to you, that my eye as well as my eare might be witnes of ſuch magnified merits, you were pleaſed out of your high civilities to give me a favourable reception, and ſince to overvalue me ſo far, as to honour divers of my bold Epiſtles with noble anſwers, wherein ſweetnes of love, & ſoundnes of learning ſeemed to contend for maſtery.

Now ſir, being adviſed by the French Adage (Il vaul mieux ſe monſtrer ſans eſperit, que d' entrer en la voyed 'ngratitude) *its better to play the foole, then be ungratefull, I am bold to preſent you with the firſt mayden fruits of my Muſe as a gratefull recognition of your favours, which I ſhall ſtill endeavour to implore, & make my ſelfe capable of a further addition, in which firme reſolution, I entitle my ſelfe*

Sir

Your moſt devoted, and moſt

humble ſervitor

ROBERT BARON.

From my Chamber at Grayes Inne. 1 Aprill 1647.

TO THE LADIES AND Gentlewoemen of *ENGLAND.*

Bright ornaments of the Britiſh nation,

I Did oft conceive, (during my pregnation) that this hard favoured ofſpring had been but a tympany or ſome falſe conception, till finding it to retaine daily encreaſe, and degrees of growth, I was aſſertain'd it was a reall Embrion, and that it would at laſt retaine ſome ſhape, though never ſo homely.

This ſpring was the *Lucina*, or midwife which brought it forth, and handed it out of the ſoft wombe of a greene braine, it now implores each of you to be its *Enpheme* or nurſe, in the abſence of that true and affectionate honourer of your amiable ſex, his unworthy genitor, who by that time, that it bee in caſe to kiſſe your faire hands, will be traverſing the world abroad.

The literature and divination of the Sybills, *Caſſandra*, and *Eurycles*, the chaſtity of *Pero*, *Teuca*, and *Lucretia*, the ſingular conſtancy of *Penelope*, *Pillacides*, and *Iphias*, the magnanimity of *Penthiſilia*, *Theleſis* and *Zenobia*, the beauty of

Helena, *Ariadne*, and *Phyllis*, with other innumerable eminent endouments which bounteous nature hath liberally in all ages repoſited in your lovely ſex, as in the Apothecke or magaſine of perfection, makes this my *Gynophilian* or amorous infant long rather to be dandled upon your tender knees, then lie recluſed in a duſtie ſtudy.

If you pleaſe to beſtow part of that time which you ſpend in other divertiſments to converſe with this poore brat of my braine, it will paint out unto you though with a quavering pencell, and in courſe and caligenous colours the paſſions of your royall Amoriſts, with inducements to commiſerate them, the event whereof (which may make them operative in this kind) will perhaps make you repent no more of reading them, then I of compoſing them. When you talke with your children you expect from them no congruence or quaint language, yet you are often pleaſed to heare them prattle, & are delighted with their liſping Ideoms. This makes me hope that you will diſpence with the Lallation & Low dialect of this babe, whoſe tone is rude, yet his meaning is plaine dealing, which according to the proverbe is a jewell, and conſequently moſt fit for Ladies. Thus wiſhing you all delights, & happineſſe, endleſſe like the rings you weare, & that the period of my paines may be the beginning of your pleaſure, I remaine

Your Ladyſhyps in all obſervance

ROBERT BARON.

On his beloved friend the Authour, and his ingenious *Cyprian Academy.*

NOe ſooner in our Inne, but out in Print!
Sure 'tis Arts Arcademy, and the Muſes Mint:
Where in Dame Nature Pupill is to Art;
Bearing Minerva's *Image in each part:*
The Court of Pallas *and the Muſes Throne;*
Where Ignoramus ſtands outlaw'd alone.
Baron, *goe,* non ſuit momus; *for's barren plea*
Againſt the Court; and tell him openly;
The braine of Iupiter's each Courtiers Mother:
Or bid him reade thy booke; and then thinke other.
Me thinks I ſee the world thy booke admire;
And Ladies dandling it with much deſire
To ſee that hand; theſe flowrie Paſtrolls pen'd;
And wiſh them Ring-like, without any end.
What Uenus *can denie to be the Fem',*
Of Laureat Baron; *borne of* Orpheus *ſtem;*
None can object againſt thy worth, or line;
Save more then Bigamie with the Nine:
Pernaſſu's *thine! make joynture then;*
And let God Hyemen *ſay Amen.*
To Court th'art welcome; th' Muſes blaze thy Prayſe:
Momus *ſhall weare the Ivy; Thou the Bayes.*

William Beverſham of
Grayes Inne Eſquire.

To

To his much reſpected and learned friend Maſter *Robert Baron* on his Booke.

SHould my poore Muſe preſume to ſpeake
Encom'ums in thy praiſe,
Amazement ſoone would ſtrike her dumbe
Whilſt ſhe beheld thy rayes:
Yet give her leave, though that ſhe can't
Add ſplendor to thy name
With her black ſpotts to ſhadow out
Thine ever ſparkling fame.
Thy booke ſweet friend doth ſeeme to me
A Royall treaſury.
Thou Baron *of* Minerva's *rich*
Exchequer term'd mayſt be
Heer's Pallas *Palace, or* White-Hall
Thy workes a glor'ous feaſt
Which would invite from Helicon
The pretty Nymphs to taſt.
Here may be ſeene a Table deck't
Vpon Parnaſſus *hill.*
Here may be heard Apollo's *harpe*
With its harmon'ous ſhrill.
Here Nectar *pure from* Helicon
Like raine from clouds doth ſhowre;

Mo

More ſweetneſſe doth each ſentence yeeld
Then the Hyblæan *floure.*
Each gallant here may have his fill
Each Lady pleaſe her eye
Such are thy ſtreames of eloquence
Such is thy poeſie.
Did th' Epicure thy banquet taſt
He ſoone would Bacchus *ſcorne*
And now corrouſe full cups out of
Thine Amelthean *horne:*
For ſurfetting or giddineſſe
Here is no neede to feare
Minerva's *gueſts ſcarce ever knew*
The hereſie of beere.
Let Poets feigne unto themſelves
An Aganippe *fount*
Or Muſes ſacred place, yet ſtill
Thy booke doth them ſurmount.
Ceaſe Criticks then to tell my muſe
Of other Helicon
Heer's Pallas *wine, her glory tis*
That ſhee may ſip thereon.

ROBERT BROUNRIGG,

of Grayes Inne Gent.

To my choſen Friend, the hopefull Mr. *Baron.*

SO young! and write ſo well! it might appeare
Impoſſible but that thy name is there
Nature hath here her former ſelfe ſurpaſt,
Shewing at once perfection and haſt:
Since thou like Virgills Genethliack *bay*
Art a tall tree, *ere time could thinke a ſpray.*
Well might thy happy lovers wiſh to come
From th' Checquer ſhades of their Elizium,
And ſuffer further miſeries ſo they might
Engage ſo rich a pen to give them light;
For nothing was ſo well performd as writ,
Such is the wide Prerogative of wit.
Thy Booke *and* Picture *contradictions tell,*
And thwart themſelves into a Miracle.

J: HALL.

é Soc: Gray. hoſp. Gent.

To

To his ever Honoured Friend Mr. *Robert Baron* upon his *Cyprian Academy.*

HOw dare I venter to inſert a line
Before thy booke, when every word of thine
Doth ſwell it ſelfe with a ſtrong winded blaſt
Of rich emb'ouerd Eloquences, what wa'ſt
Not fraid of choaking in their bringing out.
Or didſt not bord with Leſſius *about*
Some 9 months ſince conception, and didſt there
With in thy throate make a full paſſage cleere
To give them birth? what Midwife hadſt at hand?
Came not Minerva *with* Apollo *man'd*
Merc'ry *attending (in his proper place*
Moſt ſweetly ſings a fift and eight's the baſe)
Deck with his wings, even hoarſe in ſetting forth
Thy new lict Fætus *with its unknowne worth.*
Her'e is a Chimiſt *which from a rude maſſe*
Extracts Elixar that death may well ſurpaſſe
Spencers *ninth Canto in the fairy Queene,*
Or Ben's *vulpony, oh had he but ſeene*
Thy pregnant fancy, how could he forebeare
To rend his Cat'line *and by* Jove *to ſweare*
Thy'ns the better, thou ſcornſt exoticke words
Or Exolericke Phraſes which affords
No luſter to thy booke, thy verbs not drawne
Or Spun of home-maue thred, 'tis pure fitt lawne
For Palace ſockings, Th' Acromatick ſtraines
Surely are flowne from out Cylen'ns braines;
Thy words carry charmes, able to lay wiſt
The direfull magick of an Exorciſt,

Come

Come Rhombus *come I prethee pauſe a while*
Thy language is pedantick, *her's a ſtile*
To Court a Lady in, away, away
To Schole young Emperick *and make no ſtay*
But come and learne to ſpeake, to Court, to charme
Th' obdurate Miſtriſſe in thy wanton arme.
Hence all your Momus bratts leave off to ſleere
Away you Criticks which are wont to Jeere,
Or elſe King Arthur with his Knights ſhall come
And Robin Hood ſhall ſtrike his paper drum
In his defence, brave Guy *ſhall bring a long*
St. George for England with a warlick throng
Famous Pariſmus *and* Primaleon,
Palm'rin D'oliua with Montelion:
Ceaſe now Antiquity T' hang weeping ore
Brave Sydnys *vrne inveſt thy ſelfe no more*
With ſable weeds, he livs, for ſure there is
Of Souls a ſam' an Metempſychoſis,
Is this not Sidney; marke his Veine in verſe
His ſtile in proſe, I cannot here reherſe
His worth in ſeverall arts, here Ptolomy
Or Strabo *may learne new Geography,*
Here Tycobrah *may veiw the turning ſphers*
Making ſtill muſick in his liſtning eares,
Out of thy booke Euclid *may learne to frame*
A ſphere, or draw a paralellograme;
But muſe 'tis time to ſtop, doſt thou not ſee
Thou'rt o're guilty with Tautology;
His booke ſhall praiſe it ſelfe, it may, nay can
Suffice to make an Engliſh Uatican.

THO: BRADFORD

To his honoured friend, Mr. *Robert Baron* upon his excellent Poem.

BAron *of Witt! 'tware ſin to blazon forth,*
Vnder a meaner ſtile thy mighty worth:
'Tware but a trick of ſtate if we ſhould bring
The Muſes Lower houſe to vote thee King.
Thou highly doſt deſerve it, and the bayes
Should crown thy browes to thine immortall prayſe
While uſher'd by the Graces thou art ſent
To ſit as King ith' Poets Parliament.
The famous Sidney's *ſoule I think had gon*
A widow till the reſurrection
And never been inſpir'd, now had not ſhee
Found out her Match and been eſpous'd to thee.

We have ſome things (call'd Poets *) who although*
They nere were Verſt but in the Criſt-croſſe-row
And never ſwallow'd Poſſum *thinke they're able,*
To be pertakers at the Muſes Table.
Who nere inſpir'd with the thrice three-Siſters,
But tooke their learning, as men doe their Gliſters.
And ſhould you come and tell them what you lacke
Their witts (like ware loſt in a Pedlers packe
They have, but know not where, perhaps their bun-
May yeeld a Ballad for the widow-Trundle, (*dle*

Or

Or ſome ſuch buſineſſe, wherein is ſhewn
A mournefull ditty, to the pleaſant tune.
Fortune my Foe, or elſe - pox what d'ye call it
When t'hath no more Concepit then has a Mallett.
Who frō their ſpungy braines may ſqueeze a ſonnet
When th'ave a Fortnight chew'd the cud upon it.
But ſhall ſuch clumſey Humours ever be
Renounced with the name of Poetrye?
No, 'twere a ſin beyound a pardon You
Deſerve the Poets *name and* Laurell *too.*

Thy booke ſwells high: thy lines well-wrought not (weake
Thy words might teach Apollo *how to ſpeake*
Which if he ever could have done, like Thee
Daphne *had ne're been turn'd into a Tree*
Thy twiſted Plott ſo nice a hand hath ſpun,
You'd ſweare it were not only made, but done.
And you would not beleeve me ſhould I tell
How ſoone this worke was done, when 'tis ſo well.
Go on (deare friend) enlarge thy ſpreading fame
And let thy Pen immortalize thy Name.

HENRY BOLD

Fell N.C. Oxon.

To

To his ingenious friend Mr. *Robert Baron* upon his *Cyprian Academy.*

I've thought upon't, yet faith I cannot tell
Wether thy proſe or verſe doth moſt excell
Each other, both in an Emphaticke ſtyle
Roare like the torrent of a troubled Nile
Stopp'd by an oblique beame thy words being pent
I'th confin's of thy throate, did force, their vent
To torture weake capacities, who'l ſay
Reading thy book 'tis Greeke, wrote Engliſh way
Nor is that all, ſome will conjecture by it
That in'ts conception thou keep'ſt ſparing diet
They will not thinke thou did'ſt groſſe Hamkins eat
Leaſt thou ſhouldſt choake thy quibles with ſuch meate
Yet whatſo'ere thou eat'ſt for other Palats
They Orcheards apples yeild, thy gardens ſallads.
Well may Antiquitie amazed be
To view their chapells, an Academy
So farre out vie'd in which are many bowres
For Venus darlings, neatly ſtrow'd with flowers
Of Rheth'rick, nay the ſeaven li'brall artes
Like thunder-clappsdoe act their ſeverall parts
In high expreſſions, which are forth brought
Some of them ſure ſtand for a thirteenth thought.
But here I'le ſtoup, leaſt I Tautologize
In vaine ambages, when it will ſuffice
That in worths plentuous cropps, of infant bayes
I gleane an handfull to adorne thy prayſe.

John Gleane *Cantabri.*

Roberto Barono, S. I. Apollines amplissimo cardinali ordine Amatorum.

QVâ fronte ambulat monstrum illud sine labe? nescis ignare? audies;

Iuvenis Platonicus *cujus os ruris filiæ suum fecerunt alvearium, Corpus Poeticum cujus caput Musis est capitolium, ingenium perpetuus dictator. Veneris argentea columba quæ diu inter mystica sacra ejus numinis versata, tandem ad matris auri. gam se contulit Phæbo pulchriore & sorore Phæbj.*

Sub Chirone Cupidineo Cypria Achilles *acerrimus*, Acteon *sine cornibus, cujus oculis*, Clorinda, *Hecate illa triformis est obnoxia.*

Novum sydus lactea collocatum plaga, Mercurius qui caduceo suo amoris somnium jnduxit, totus aureus cui nupsit Pactolus.

Hic est ille Laudatus eralogiæ in Cyprianâ academiâ professor, illius meritis hasce primitias, officij & observantiæ pignus, libentissime consecrat Christophorus Baretus Londinensis.

Coll. Cere. Chr. Cantb.

To his worthy friend upon his Excellent Book the *Cyprian Academy*.

NAtur's Apelles *that canſt thus the State*
Of Lovers with thy pencill adumbrate
Come quit this ſpot, and mount the ſtarry quire
Where ſit inſhrin'd ſoules made of pureſt fire;
Halfe ſhadow'd Venus *ſhall then come to thee*
Hoping perfection in thy Poetry.
The winged poſt of heaven ſhall guild his place
Knowing thy Attick tongue can goe his pace.
When Priam's Paris liv'd (hadſt thou been borne,
The godeſſes would thee their judge have ſworne.
Had Barclay *ſeene thy booke, he would have ſaid*
Vnhappy Argenis *thou art betrayd.*
To riper witts, in deſerts mayſt thou be
(Hating bright Sol) deform'd Nyctimine
Let Satyrs now be packing, and that name
That would eclipſe the luſtre of thy fame.
What ſhall I give thee? ſuch titles ſure as theſe
Amphitruo *or* Bombimachides.
Mentſieur *of* Helicon, *Marquis of the Mount*
Pernaſſus, *and of the Cabaline fount*
Poets Colloſſe, under whoſe mighty feet
May ſaile a greater then the Spaniſh Fleete
To Loves Elizium, in ſtately boules
Where heav'nly Nectar *ſuck* Platonick *ſoules.*
I ſweare by Venus and her turtle dove,
He's like a Tartar that does not thee love.

C. B.

To

To his worthy Friend Mr. *Robert Baron* upon his excellent POEM.

LEt ancient Poets ſtand agaſt to ſee
Themſelves ſo farre out-run, out-ſtript by thee
Minerva's *Magazin, who haſt not ſeen*
The third part of their yeares, nay ſcarce ſeventeen.
Hither may ancients come, and grieve to ſee
Their learning all Epitomiz'd in thee.
Thy language is of proper words and phraſe,
What it affects it eaſily brings to paſſe,
Were chaſt Penelope *ſurviving now,*
Her ſtubborne heart it would make ſoone to bow.
Cupid *directs thy heart, thy pen* Apollo,
Or elſe ſuch lofty ſtraines thou couldſt not ſwallow.
Had'ſt thou not been in love, ſure thou coul'ſt ne're
Have writ ſuch ſublime raptures as are here.
No more let Greece *of famous* Homer *boaſt,*
No longer let old Ovids *ſacred goaſt*
Be grieved for, he now ſurvives againe,
Henceforth let dropping eyes ceaſe, and amaine
Let inke run from your quills in blazing forth
This our inſpir'd Poets praiſe and worth.
I hold the opinion of Pithagoras,
This Muſe cannot be leſſe then Ovids *was,*
Onely it ſuffered a tranſmigration
Into a body of a newer faſhion.

Vnto

Vnto thy booke may all men have recourſe,
It doth deſcry the effects of love, the force
Of armies and after victory the reſt
Which no man can ſo all as are expreſt.
In this thy booke Faminius *his life*
Thou haſt expreſt together with his wife
Clorinda, *Poets vaile fayre* Helens *face,*
Her's one indeede what ſhe but painted was.
Now lovers ceaſe t' invoke and call upon
God Pan *for his ſage direction*
In Nuptiall Hymnes, we ſcorne the common ſtory
This booke henceforth ſhall be our Directory,
The prayſes all to write ſhould I accord
Each line to me Encomiums would afford:
But I have done, my pen is nought, and I
Have but a ſlender vaine in poeſie.
Wherefore farwell, goe on as th' aſt begun
To make thy name more glorious then the ſun.
Thus wiſhing the each man a happy gueſt
Vnto thy booke I take my leave and reſt.

Tui amiciſſimus Joh. Quarles
ex æde S^ti Petri Cantabrig.

Ana- { ROBERTVS BARONVS. / RARVS AB ORBE NOTVS. } gram.

Rarus, haud cuiquam peperit Natura ſecundum
Notus es, & ſcriptis (Baron) ab orbe tuis.

To

To my ſpeciall Freind Mr. *Robert Baron* upon his EPOTOΠAIΓNION.

IEwell of Nature whom a bleſſed age
To us hath brought forth ev'n an Albion ſage.
Were't not obſurdity with ſilent quill
To vaile in verſe and propoſe thy Atick skill.
Had a wiſe Sybill *our* Euriphilus
But auguriz'd of thy approach to us
Each hand had itched to be buiſied
In weaving Chaplets to adorne thy head.
Criticks may now prejudicate, what though?
They ſhew their envy, neither hurt they you,
Minerva *brought thee forth,* Euphemé *then*
The Muſes nurſe nurſt thee the gem of men.
Thou Ovid-like thou from thy infancy
Brought'ſt this Heroick ſtraine now ſhewne by thee.
In which high tract thou Mars and Venus clere,
Thou Neptune *alſo doſt demonſtrate heare.*
Thee Mars in field may juſtly generall,
Thee Neptune *may by ſea vice admirall*
Inſert: Thee Venus *in her lofty ſtate,*
May make her amorous aſſociate.
Now hither may reſort moſt antique ſages
Incredulous that theſe our iron ages

A

A Phœnix *ſhould produce, t'is true, and ſure*
Natures beſt fabrick now within us indure.
If theſe but wits firſt bloſſomes are, what then
May be expected from thy riper pen.
In this faire roade proceede we thee deſire
That as thy youth, we may thine age admire.

Charles Cremer. *Cantabr.*

Idem in Eundem.

Te, Barone, Canam. te Polyhimnia:
Muſarumque pater plectra ſonantia
Pulſans ſe recinet Daphidis arborum
Docta fronte geras, eſt vigor in tuis
Occultus folijs, tergeminas habe
Laudes, at quatiat ſidera vertice
Æquè Calicolas terra Britannica
Quæ talem peperit de gremio ſuo
Vatem; perge diu trame e proſperus
Incæpto, & faveat nomen Apollinis.

Carol. Cremer. Coll. Corp.
Criſt. Cantabr.

To

To his much esteemed Friend Mr *Robert Baron* upon his *Poem.*

When Morpheus (Serjeant of the night) had spread
The foulding curtaines of my drouzy bed,
This vision (in my dreame disturbed rest)
Kept midnight Revels in my troubled breſt.
Me thinkes I ſaw upon the bifork't mount
Bay-circuled Apollo *ſet, and count*
His bay brow'd Sonnes I ſaw Jove's *daughter too*
Minerva, *in her right hand leading you,*
In'r left ſhe held thy booke, ſhe low'd and broake,
Her long continued ſilence, and thus ſpoke,
"*See* Phœbus, *here a new ſtar riſen be*
"*I'th* Galaxia *of ſweet poeſie,*
"*No Plbeian Poetaſter, he is one*
"*That is the Atlas of thy Lyrick throne,*
"*You' ue ſeene his face, take here his Looke and finde*
"*Portraitur'd by his owne rare pen, his minde.*
He took't and red thy flowrie paſtorall,
Thy courtly maſque, verſe, proſe, applauded all,
He ſtood amaz'd (to ſay true) and did muſe
That one ſo young ſuch fine things ſhould produce.
At laſt he tooke a Daphnian wreath and laid
It on thy ever honour'd head and ſaid,
"*Welcome dear ſonne ſtill may the Delphick lyre*
"*Be ſtruck by thee, ſonne welcome to our quire.*

"*Thy*

cc thy Life beyound thy Life from ſhall extend,
cc Fates have not power to make thy end, thy end.
cc Thou ſhalt out-live thy ſelfe, and not be dead
cc When dead this wreath ſhall bud about thy head,
cc Theſe ſtrenuous lines, theſe ſmooth poetick layes
cc Shall crowne thy Urne with ever-verdant bayes.
This done, I wak't, and proud am growne to be
A SMITH to Hammer *out thy dignity.*

WIL: SMITH Gent.

To his admired friend Mr. *Robert Baron* upon his Booke.

Great Madam Nature's womb as yet I ſee
Is not growne feeble, it hath brought forth thee,
Our ages ornament, t' ath brought forth thee,
VVho art a Neſtor *in thy infancie.*
Thy thoughts (though green) ſo ripe they are, and rare
VVith hoarie wiſedome they may well compare.
In thy elaborate Poem, fancies ſeeme
In Learnings choyce, and cheife ſpoyles triumphing.
Wits deepeſt mines thy eagles eye can ſpy.
Thy cleerer ſoule ſound their profundity.
This thriving bayes, this verdant lawrell ſprout,
O're tops old ſlanders, at's peeping out,
It ſhall even Scythian *froſts ſurvive, and laſt*
In ſpite of ſpattering envy, and the blaſt
Of Momus *keener breath, it ſhall be ſeene,*
Like youthfull Daphnie *alwayes clad in greene.*
Cant pale fac't ſtudy cowe thy haughty ſprite?
Renowned Sir, wilt thou proceed in ſpite
Of knotty arts? goe on ſtill and be bleſt,
Tough ruggid ſciences thou ſhalt digeſt,
And ſwallow time himſelfe, who ne're ſhall have
Power to reare for thy great name, a grave.

Sic vaticinatur,

JOS. BROWNE Gent.

ΕΡΟΤΟΠΑΙΓΝΙΟΝ

THE CYPRIAN ACADEMY.

The First Booke.

IT was in that time of the Year wherein party-colour'd *Flora* had diapred the Earth with her cheifeſt Treaſurie, and *Silvanus* the Ruſtick ruler of the woods had deckt the ſpreading trees, with his choiceſt Livery, when the Illuſtrious and Heroick *Flaminius* (the delight of his Age, and the glory of his Nation) caſt his love-infected eyes upon the faire *Clorinda*, a Lady who fill'd all mouthes

with the prayſes of the amiable Phyſiognomy of her Face, and the laudable faculties of her ſoule) as ſhe was walking in a ſhady bowre, attending to the chirping Notes of well-tuned birds, and picking (as Fancy prompted her) here a ſpeckled Pinke, and there a Primeroſe, (the yeers Maidenhead,) now a bluſhing gillyflower, then a blew vained-violet, this ſhe ſticks upon her arme, that upon the borders of her curious plated haire, at length ſhe boſom'd a happy roſe-bud in her Lilly-breſt, whereat the reſt of the flowers contended for freſh beauty to delight her, and ſwelling with emulation to bid an *ultimum vale* to the breſt of the dull earth to adorne hers (the Theater of vertue) they all grew ſweeter, and by a gentle gale ſent an odoriferous invitation to her to pluck them. *Flaminius* beholding her in this heart-attracting poſture, he forthwith placed ſo in her all his future hopes of joy, and joyfull parts of his heart, as he left remaining in himſelfe nothing but a maze of longing deſire, in ſeeing he liked, in liking he loved, in loving he felt the effects incident to love; the torments which he ſuſtained in her preſence, the griefs which he indured in her abſence, the pining thoughts in the day, the pinching dreames in the night, the dying life, the living death: his feare of loſing her, his deſpaire of gaining her, ſhall be the ſubject of the ſubſequent Hiſtory.

But firſt let us glance upon him in his minority, diſcourſe a while upon the courſe of his fortunes, before he was reputed a man, and inſert his Legend.

He was by birth an Italian, borne in the delicate and luxurious City of *Naples*, firſt the receptacle of Philoſophy, now of Souldiery,

Erected by ſweet *Siren*, ſaid to be
By *Phaleris* built, ſtil'd once *Parthenope*;

Rich

Rich hort-yard of the dove-drawn Queen of Love,
New field of th' *Hydra* ſlaying ſon of *Jove*.
Fat ſoyle of liberall *Ceres*, crown'd with corne,
Rare vineyard of the wine-wet god unſhorne.
Boaſt not becauſe no Citie's like to thine,
For ſweetneſſe, Empire, beauty, ſtrength, corn, wine,
Boaſt not thy rarities, thy bubling Fount,
Labulla call'd, nor yet thy bifork't Mount
Veſuvius, whence *Sol*'s Steeds (with mains be curl'd)
That circumdates in twice twelve hours the world,
Doe firſt begin their race, as if it were
Their maſter *Phœbus* private Bed-chamber.
Brag not of thy obſcure *Chimerian* dale,
Ne're ſeen by *Sol*, nor by his Siſter pale.
Nor cauſe thou giv'ſt a grave to him whoſe verſe
The conqueſts of victorious Kings reherſe,
Brag neither of the pleaſant water'd Lake,
Aquano term'd, ſo fatall to the Snake.
Nor of Authentick *Sibills* domicil,
Whoſe paſt predictions bald time fulfill.
Inſult not *Parthenope* becauſe you have
Lacus Avernus, and black *Charons* cave,
And ſootie *Vulcans* fier-ſpitting Court,
Wherin he tempers armes to make *Mars* Sport.
'Tis this *Parthenope*, tis this that raiſe
Eſpeciall Trophies to thy laſting praiſe;
Flaminius, whom fame affirmes to be
Made in dame Natures prodigality;
Flaminius, whoſe name live till times glaſſe run,
For earths laſt dark Eclipſe of no more Sun,
Was borne in thee, at whoſe Nativity,
A generall Turnament was held i'th Skie,
The Stars did run a tilt, and *Phabus* bright,
Danc't a Coranto with the Queen of night.

The Rocks did Eccho forth his name, and none,
Of their dull clifts, but did repeat that tone.
Orpheus did ſtring his harpe with nimble hand,
To ſound his praiſe, ---- *Silvanus* did command
Mirtles to dance, the pines their roots forgoe,
The Holmes and branching Elmes did caper too,
Sweet firre-trees friskt, and ſublime Cedars ran.
Joves tall Oake fed by gumms Aſſyrian,
Joyn'd in a Galliard with that lofty tree,
Whoſe courtly boughs the meed of valour be.
And odor-breathing *Zephyr* this news bore
On's way, unto a grove of Sycomore,
Whilſt there he told it in a flowrie gale
Tres bow'd their tops, as thankfull for his tale.
Each flowing ſtreame in gentle murmuring tones,
Whiſperd theſe tidings to the pebble ſtones.
Nor was *Amphions* ſphear enchanting Lute,
(Whoſe ſound erected *Thcban* ſtructures) mute.
Pan on his reed, on his pipe *Mercurie*,
Carrold in Sonnets their feſtivity.
With beamie eyes, and bright diſheveld hairs,
The Nymphs tript ore the Lawns, -- thus chim'd the (Sphears
Naples rejoyce, a Prince is borne in thee
Whoſe fame ſhall burgeon to Eternity.

He had for his father *Pompilius*, a man of an affable nature, in warre as expert, as valiant, in peace as provident, as prudent, alwaies reſolute to undertake, and ever fortunate to execute any deſigne conducing to the emolument of the weale-publique, which he was induſtrious to advance, both in buffe, and fur, by armes and art. He tooke to wife *Capricia* a Lady of an exquiſite feature, and of ſo ripe a wit that the fragrancy of thoſe redolent flowres of female eloquence which bloſſomed in all her diſcourſes, turned

all

all tongues into attentive eares whilſt ſhe was ſpeaking. If ſhe did deambulate, beſides the making divers places happy by her ſteps, the very moving did adde an amiable life to her innate perfections. If ſhe did ſet ſtill, the conſpiracie of her ſeverall attractive graces combined together, to preſent one perfect figure of incomparable beauty to the raviſhed beholders.

From this happy couple proceeded this miracle of art and nature *Flaminius*, in whom nature ſeemed to have planted the paradice of her perfection He was well ſtored with civill vertues for peace, and martiall valour for warre; paſſion was not exiled from him, but ſuppreſſed in him; and ſo ſubjected to right reaſon, as he was idoneous for proſperitie or adverſitie: whereof the one did not make him inſolent, nor the other dejected. He was one of the ſilken wits of his age, by nature a Philomathy, ſo addicted to erudition and literature, that he uſed his cradle like a Library, making Bookes his nugaments. *Apollo* did ſo cooperate in his production as he liſp't meeter, and his firſt notes were *Caſtalian* layes, as if he had been borne in *Tempe*, or *Pernaſsus*, or had the ſphear-borne harmonious ſitters for his nurſes.

There was no vertue but he did depute it either fit for ornament, or uſe, no vice but he did condemne and contemn it as ſordid.

His exerciſes and refocillations from his infancy, and very nonage, were ingenious, manly, decent, and ſuch as tended ſtill to wit, valour, and activitie, which he uſed *ad ruborem, non ad ſudorem*, his games did not make him pale with feare of looſing, nor hot with deſire of gaining.

He was a fit ſoyle for praiſe to dwell upon, and were it not as ſuperfluous, as it is tedious, we might protract this tract, or regiſter of his vertues *in infinitum*.

But as *Nicomachus* left *Tindarides* unperfected, as *Timomachus* broke of *Medea* scarce halfe coloured, or as *Appelles* left *Venus* her picture unfinished: so must we the definition of this exact modell of humane perfection unconsummated. Yet as that learned Geometrician who finding the length of *Hercules* foot upon the hill *Olympus* drew forth the portraiture of his large limb'd body therby: so may we gueſſe at *Flaminius* his Cardinal vertues, that have this ſuperficiall demonſtration of him. This Favourite of fortune, and Minion of the muſes, after he had continued three long luſters of yeers, and ſome Winters more, *ſub regimine matris*, under his mothers tutele, he was admitted into the Illuſtrious Academy at *Padua*, that criſtall ſpring of knowledge, that Nurſery of wit. Here club-fiſted Logick with all her *Quiddities*, and *Quæ, Ca. vel Hipps*, nor *Scotus* with his *hæccities* was able to daſtardize or cow his ſpirits, but he made her who firſt appeard like a *Gorgons* head, to prove a meer Bugbeare.

The tough Mathematicks, nor any other Academicall Sciences were able with their crabbedneſſe and intricacy to deterre him, but he waded through the middeſt of them, and arrived at an excellent perfection.

He made facetious Poetry his banquetting ſtuffe, but utible Philoſophy his ſolid and ſubſtantiall food, which he digeſted ſo well as in the ſtrength of it he was able to fathom the glaſſy deep, meaſure huge bellied mountaines, and reach the twinckling Stars with a Jacobs Staffe.

He feared not to hurt his tender hands with thornie ſchoole queſtions: about which he would daily diſpute nor could the plotting pate of any nice opponent weave ſuch an obſcure Gordian knot, but he could eaſily untie

tie it, as if he had had a window into its Authors brain, and beheld its subtle fouldings, so that learning (which is in a Prince like a glittering Diamond in gold) concur'd with Nobility to make him more resplendant.

But to make up a Triumvirate to found his praise, let us (adde as a Colleague in joynt Commission) to learning and nobilitie, experience which he thus obtained.

He was prompted by his owne generous genius that peregrination, and forraigne travell, was a *Lyceum*, a profitable peripaterick School, then which nothing contributed more to the building up, and perfecting of a man, and he was doctrinated by his Tutors that there was no better meanes to fashion, and regulate a mans life by, then by proposing to him the diversitie of so many other mens lives.

This advice he conceived conducing as well to his emolument, as amenity; wherefore in a splendid equipage, royally attended, by a loyall troop of domesticks, he made a journey over the Alpes, those uncouth excrescences, these vens of Nature, into faire *France*, a Region wherein the hand of Art hath joyned with Nature to make it super-eminent.

Here he resided in the Metropolitan City *Paris*, till *Cynthia* had 6. times repaired her wained hornes; then *Paris* the durty Theater of all Nations, being plagued with an almost generall infection, or invalitude. *Flaminius* with his cousin German, the Duke of *Luynes*, (the powerfull Favourite of the crown of *France*,) retired to his Tusculanium at *Poysey*, a prety gentle place, scituated upon the River *Sequana*, some 15. miles distant from *Paris*, at the foot of the great Forrest of St. *Germans*; wherein these two mighty Princes sent many dayes to follow their flying predecessors, whilst they followed the

ſharp tusked Bores, crafty Foxes, and timerous Hares, with all which kinds of Beaſts, kind Nature (aſpiring to recreate her darling *Flaminius*) had plentifully ſtored that ſpacious Forreſt.

But to turne to our taske, the French King at this time had his reſidence at his ſtanding houſe within a mile of *Poſſy*, whither this favourite the Duke of *Luynes* was ſummoned, ſo that *Flaminius* was for a time deprived of his ſociety, which he made not only *neceſſitudo*, but *neceſſitas*, almoſt eſſentiall to his ſubſiſtance: in whoſe abſence *Saturne* that leaden planet did caſt his melancholy influence over all his intellectuals, yet he being willing to diſſipate thoſe black foggs of diſconſolate penſiveneſſe, he rode attended by two of his Domeſticks, *Florian* and *Doriſto*, into the Forreſt, where he ſuddenly heard ſuch a plangerous and lamentable cry; as he was well aſſured it was the doleſull note of ſome object of pitty, wherfore making his eares his guide, he left not many trees behind him, before he diſcovered mounted upon a black Palfrey a Damſell of exquiſite formoſity, urged with ſorrow making towards him; her light moulded Horſe though quickned and vivified with the whip, equalled not the celerity of her timerous mind, ſhe had her ſad Oration inſcribed in pale characters upon her triſtfull countenance, her eyes were diſtained, and cheeks bedewed and irrigated with watering tears: the thwarting boughs of the ſpreading trees did looſe her treſſes, and ſpred her hair on her ſhoulders after the Funerall manner. Being come within his ken, ſhe implored his aid in the reſcuing of her Lady out of the hands of an injurious uſurper, and this boon ſhee beg'd with as much vehemency of paſſion, as if her panting heart would have climed into her mouth, to take her trembling tongues office.

fice. *Flaminius* whoſe heart was the Throne of tender pitty, as well as of truculent proweſſe, undertooke the quarrell, and followed the Damſell, who conducted him to that place were the Ladies Servants (which the ſtrange Knight and his Complices had vanquiſhed, and almoſt unliv'd) lay (beſmeard in their congealed blood) calling upon *Charon* (with dying groanes) to afford them a ſpeedy paſſage. *Flaminius* conceived it more neceſſary to reſume the captiv'd Lady, then condole the conquered Servants, wherefore he left them and out-ſtript the ſwift winde in purſuit of that Knight, whom he at laſt ſaw leading away the unwilling Lady, for whoſe ſake he ſaluted him with this challenge.

It ſufficeth not that thou haſt ſubdued yonder Petitoes of *Mars*, and captived their Lady, fortune will not ſell her at ſo under a rate, it remaineth that you vanquiſh me alſo before you injoy her, the wager of our contention, whoſe mercy i'le conſtraine you to abide, and in whoſe defence my ſword (bluſhing at thy impieties) ſhall ſtrike thy ſoule to *Erebus*, and compell thee to garter thy hoſe with thy gutts.

The ſtrange Knight coyned this proud reply to this unexpected defie; I conceive it no hard taske to chaſtiſe thy inſolency, for I take thee for no other then a body animated by a Pythagorean Tranſmigration, with one of thoſe cowardly ſoules which I even now ſent to ſeeke new Lodgings.

With that he turned his Horſe to take his career, expecting nothing but the fall of *Flaminius*, but he fell ſhort of his expectation, at the firſt encounter being ſent to fetch an errand in the duſt, but remounting his bitchamping courſier, they charged each other with much agility; ſo thick, as if every blow had ſtriven to have been foremoſt,

foremoſt, but the ſtrange Knights Horſe carvetting, received upon his head a forcible blow intended for his Maſter, the anguiſh whereof made him caſt his burthen, to accompany his blood (which too too prodigally ſtreamed out at his deep wounds) to the all receiving earth. Then *Flaminius* contemning advantages over an almoſt vanquiſhed Antagoniſt, lighted alſo, and now theſe Champions entertained one another with freſh courage, till *Flaminius* let fall ſuch a fortunate blow upon the unfortunate ſtrange Knight, as parted his ill-tempered ſhield, and deſpiſing the weake and inconſiderable oppugnation of his already broken armour, it made a great breach into his heart-ſide, as if it would cut a paſſage for his unlawfull love to iſſue out at, and ſent his whole body to ſtrike the earth, falling, ſince he could offend his Antagoniſt no better, ſtanding.

Flaminius (after he perceived his pale enemie had acted his lives Epilogue) accompanied the Lady to her Caſtle, which ſtood in the ſame Forreſt, and in the journey he deſired her to beguile the times haſt, and abbreviate the waies length with the relation of her precedent fortunes.

To this requeſt of his the Lady ſhaped this Reply.

Royall Sir, your commandment doth not only give me will, but power to obey you, ſuch influence hath your excellencie. I will lay the foundation of this ſubſequent ſermocination with any one name, which is *Iulia*, eldeſt daughter to ſignior *le Aroine*, and his wife *Iſabella*, who both during the time of my minoritie, (having performed the meſſage for which they were ſent into the world) returned againe to their Maker. Firſt, my indulgent Father being too old to live, his decayed nature was conquered by triumphant death, and uſeleſſe Phyſicke did yeeld to his manifold diſeaſes, then my widdowed Genetrix ſtriving to ſurvive without him, and liking not,

expir'd

expir'd alſo. After this, I with my Orphan Siſter *Andronica*, retir'd to our Caſtle, (towards which we now equitate) where we reape as much delectation in the rurall ſolentary groves and hewts of our owne, as the reſt of the *French* Ladies doe in the populous ſtreets of ſtately *Paris*, ſhe that hath no looking-glaſſe to dreſſe her head by, will uſe a boule of water, ſhe that wanteth a ſleeke-ſtone to repumicate her linnen, will take a pibble. The Countrey-girle girdeth her ſelfe as ſtrait in the waſte with a courſe caddis, as the Madame of the Court with a ſilke riband; and we were as well content in our Ruſtick immorigerous roomes,, as others in the magnificent ſtructures of our Royall Soveraigne.

But to proceed, there arrived at my Caſtle *Phyliſpis* a valiant and heroicall Knight, one out of the number of thoſe, whom renowned Fame will ever celebrate: his errand was to proſtrate his love-ſicke-heart at my feet, in the higheſt degree of loweſt duty; and the purity of the verity is, he had taken a full poſſeſſion of the Fort, before he did aske for the keyes; the match was concluded, and agreed on before the capitulations were treated on: my raviſhed eyes did no ſooner behold him, then my amorous heart did fancie him; (for he reſembled *Abdalmuralis*, the grandfather of *Mahumet*, who was ſo amiable, that women were enamoured of him;) yet my modeſt tongue did a long time hold him in wavering ſuſpence, neither ſuffering his feare to fall into deſpaire, nor his hope to haſten to aſſurance; though once to prove the reality of his unalterable affection, I charged him with whole vollyes of flatte denialls; though any man that had beene trained up in *Cupids* diſcipline, might eaſily perceive, I ſhot nothing but powder, to try his animoſity, not bullets, to batter downe his breaſt-workes of hope already reared. To theſe hee framed this ſatisfactory reply.

Madame, the poore Fiſherman that was warned hee ſhould not fiſh, would notwithſtanding at his door make nets. And the old Vintner of *Venice* that was prohibited from ſelling Wine, did ſtil hang out an inviting Ivie-buſh; and ſo will I die in faith to you, if I may not live in favour of you: My malevolent and inauſpicious ſtarres may impeach my injoyment of you, but if they ſhould implore the aſſiſtance of *Erynnis*, and call into their ayd the three Acherontical Haggs, *Alecto*, *Megera*, and *Tyſophone*, they ſhould never force me from your love; which is radicated ſo profoundly in my heart, that hee which plucks it out, pulls up at once that, and my ſoule together. Your gifts inſpir'd by bounteous nature, and your vertues acquir'd by liberall education, have ſtampt for you ſuch an indelible impreſſion of love & affection in my eſtimation, as no diſtance of place, length of time, or traverſe of chance, ſhall be able to race out, or impaire, till death and ſad deſpaire, make a ſponge of my bleeding heart to wipe it out.

For all this, I ſtill made his condition like a taper almoſt burnt out, ſometimes all obſcured in blacke darke diſpaire, and now and then a flaſh or two, an *Ignis fatuus* of comfort; but of ſo ſhort continuance, 'twas as ſoon extinguiſhed, as perceived, till at length, my kinder heart being willing to yeeld, I was content not to perſwade it to hold out any longer, againſt the ſweet blowes of love, but I promiſed him marriage, which is ſhortly to be conſummated.

Soone after him came this knight, who is by your valour, *Ad Charontem ſine naulo miſſus*, and he alſo pretended a deſire to match my matchleſſe beauty, with matchleſſe affection, him I denyed as fervently, as I did the other faintly. And now this *Tripolis* (for ſo he was nominated, whom you have vanquiſhed) did attempt

to

to atchive that (*Tarquin*-like) by force of armes, which he could not effect by perſwaſion and argument, this made him deviſe all meanes, and waite for all occaſions to ſurpriſe me.

It fortuned, though late, yet at laſt, there was a match concluded on between *Arcates*, ſonne and heire to the ancient Duke of *Orleans*, and *Claritia* my Mothers ſiſters daughter; to ſolemnization of theſe nuptialls, I with my damſels tooke our way, and now earths black babling daughter ſpred the pinions of ſwift wings, advanced her ſhrill trumpet, and fill'd the inquiring eares of *Tripolis*, with the relation of our journey; of which being certified, he diligently awaited for my returne, and had aſſuredly made me his captive, had not you been my reſcuer; to whom I am indebted for my liberty (the joy of life) which I hold now the ſecond time of you. Thus ſir have you bound me to you in an energeticall chaine of gratitude. To attempt a requitall, would extreamely extenuate your tranſcendent courteſie, and derogate from the worth of your high favour: but for the other office of gratitude, retention, if you had a window into my memory, you might eſpie there ſafely ſtored up, and conſervated, to preſerve it from mouldring away in oblivion.

By this time the ſetting Sunne with looſe rayes was poſting to his Weſterne home, waiting onely to light *Flaminius* and *Julia* to the Caſtle, which was a place as ſtrongly fortified, as rarely edified; it was erected of ſpeckled free ſtone, adorned with marble ſhining pillars, and ſtatues of the predeceſſors of *Signior le Artine*, it was invironed with large walks both greene and gravelly, with ſpreading trees on either ſide, bowred on the top, ſo that in Summer time the ſcorching Sunne could not offend any with intemperate heat, there were

ſuch delicate ſhaddowes, and in the Winter, the chilly and ſharpe windes found no paſſe; the trees were ſo high and thick; round about theſe ran ſilver ſtreames, whoſe ſweet murmur, as they gently tumbled over their beds of pebble ſtone, did much adorne the pleaſant ſolitarineſſe of the place. Oppoſite to the front of this ſtrong ſtructure was a large parke, which for cheerefull riſings of the ground, for groves, and rowſings for the Deere, and for chryſtall Rivolets of cleere water might compare with any. In the Hall, coſt and invention ſtrove for maſtery, ſo many Stories did ſo ſucceſſively ſucceed one another, that the moſt curious ſpectators eye, (though his admiration might dwell in each peece) could find no cauſe of ſtay, untill hee had overlook'd them all; here he did recreate his active fancy, with this varietie of pleaſing objects.

Here might he perceive the ruddy bloud drawne out of *Daphne's* tender leggs, by the enjurious thornes, as ſhe over-haſtily fled from perſuing *Phœbus*, and her diſhevell'd haire ſeemed to play with the warme breath of her following lover. There might he behold ſorowfull *Venus* bemoaning the violent death of her boreſlaine minion *Adonis*, and ſtriving to waſh away the clottered blood from his worried carkeſſe with her pearly teares, which dropt from her tender eyes like a continued chaine of pearle, guſhing forth in ſuch abundance, as if her rubie blood had changed its naturall courſe and colour, to run forth at the wide open ſluces of her eyes. She kiſt his pale lipps, as if ſhe would willingly have melted her ſad heart to have reſtored them to freſh colour, and breath into him another ſoule fit for her love. Here might he eſpie *Leander* beating the ſwelling *Heliſpontick* waves with his weary limbs, ſwimming to his expecting *Hero*, whoſe painted torches ſeemed to burne as bright

as

as thoſe reall torches which by this time had inherited the ſet-Suns office. There might hee diſcrie the rude mouthes of *Acteons* dogs fill'd with white foame, greedy to diſmember their brutified maſter, and delacerate his limbes inſtead of the innocent beaſt he perſued. There griefe in the ſtead of gaine, paine in the roome of pleaſure, ſeemed to bath its ſelfe in his ſorrowfull eyes.

By this time our Spectators appetites began to ſolicite them in behalfe of their ſtomacks, the colerick lookes knockt, the trumpets ſounded to ſupper, and when the tables were with-drawne, the Ladyes ſervants for the better entertainment of *Flaminius* (being ambitious to exhibite all their forces to performe any thing that might conduce to his contentment) preſented him with this paſtorall.

GRIPVS

GRIPUS
AND
HEGIO,
OR THE
PASSIONATE
LOVERS.

A *Paſtorall* Acted by the Lady IULIAS Servants, for the entertainment of FLAMINIUS.

Amor omnia vincit.

Fit Cygnus, Taurus, Satyrus, fit Jupiter aurum,
Ob Ledam, Europen, Antiopen, Danaën.

Dramatis Personæ.

Gripus } Two Lovers.
Hegio }

Venus.

Cupid.

Mira. } Two young Shepherdesses.
Daris. }

Tyndarus. } The young Shepherdesses
Micon. } Fathers.

Dipsas. } The young Shepherdesses
Thestila. } Mothers.

Agroticus. A ridiculous Clowne.

Hymen.

Ecchо.

Chorus of Fairies.

Flambio, a Shepherds Boy.

PROLOGVE

Flambio.

Apelles coveting to pleaſe your ſight
Prepoſ'd thoſe various objects of delight
To recreate your ſent Her's choyce perfumes
Of unctious Narde, and *Aromatick* fumes.
Our coſt-neglecting cookes to pleaſe your taſt
Have dreſt choyce cates and veands of the beſt;
And to delight your tooth we all conſpire
To adde what's coriſpond with that deſire.
Laſtly this paſtorall our wits prepare
Even as ſecond courſe to feed your eare.
Expect no poliſh't lines, no ſublimeſt raines;
But rurall Speech, ſuch as is vſ'd 'mongſt Swaines.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Gripus. Hegio.

WHen gaudy *Flora* in her prime
Obſerving it was Summer-time
With fragrant flowers of each day
Had made our mother *Tellus* gay,
The new borne plumed minſtrills fills
The ſir iling heaven and ecchoing hills,
With chirping muſick, ev'ry grone
Was made their quire. — Olympick *Iove*

Comman-

Commanded *Aprels* balmy ſhoures,
To refreſh the *March* bred flowers,
And *May* perfection in each field
To *Aprels* ſuckling babes to yield.
The ſpring perfumed this brood, whoſe ſme
The *Phenix* neſt might paralell.
Now did approach the feſtivall
Of god *Silvanus nuptiall*
To his groue haunting *Clarida*,
Then all the Faunes keept holyday.
The nimble faries danc't, and all
The dieties agreſticall.
Claius and kind *Phiſipile*
Vow'd loving Man and wife to be.
So *Clodin* did to *Colatine*,
So *Serin* to his *Eglatine*,
So *Cloris* did to *Coridon*,
And ſo delt ſheapheards many a one.
At length imploring love to be
So propitious vnto me,
To *Mira* the faire ſheapheardeſſe
In courteous wiſe, I did addreſſe
My hand, my heart, my cap, my coyne,
With all the good I could conjoyne,
But ſhe coy thing, refuſ'd to prove
What gentle *Hymen* is, or loue.
As pevith *Daphne* fled away
From the illuſtrator of the day;
Even ſo my ſight coy *Mira* flies,
My ſighes ſhe ſlights, my ſuit denies.
When glorious *Sol* hath turn'd his back,
And all the world is hung with black.
Sleepe (natures ſoft-nurſe) flyes my eyes,
My mind's ore-caſt as are the skies.

When vailes are drawne, and dim fac'd night
Have againe reſign'd her right.
To *Phoſphorus* traine, when *Titans* head,
Is waſhed from his Sea-greene bed,
To ſhew his hoary locks, my griefe
'Gaine urge my tongue to beg reliefe
To eaſe my minde, you Gods above,
Or let me dye, or make her love.

Hegio. Propitious more betide the friend, good day,
Joves ſpangled Canopie protect thee ſtill;
May he himſelfe from's Saphire colour'd throne
Deſcend to be thy guardian, good day.

Gripus. Wiſh me good day? it ſtands in idle ſtead,
My *Mira's* coy, all my good dayes are dead.

Hegio. Cheare up ſad *Gripus*, or the cauſe declare,
Why thou art thus plung'd in a deepe fit of
Unprofitable melancholy, what?
Haſt made a caſe of ſpiſſified teares
For thy ſwoll'n eyes, which are to limbicks turn'd
Through which a running pearly torrent flow
That lay the duſt thy ſtamping feet doth raiſe.
What unexpected ſtratagem have thus
Perplext thy minde, exil'd thy judgement, and
Condenſ'd thy underſtanding, and betray'd
Thy ſpirits to diſquiet paſſions.
As frolick and as joviall I have knowne thee,
As any of *Paris* followers, why then
Doſt terminate the ſad Cataſtrophe
And period of each ſentence, with a ſigh,
A deepe, a farre-fetcht-ſigh, ſuch as would ſeeme
The ſtructures rafters for to cleave in ſunder,
But where ſuch griefe I find, needs muſt I wonder.

Gripus. *Cupid* hath fixt a golden ſhaft in me,
Which makes me love, but into *Mira's* breaſt

Have

Have ſhot a leaden, a hate-cauſing dart,
To love, and not to be belov'd againe,
Is miſery counted by each ruſtick Swaine.
Hegio. Is love thy doloriferous diſeaſe?
Quench, quench thoſe ſmothring ſparks, leſt ſuffered
They kindle, and increaſe into a flame,
An inauſpicious, and perpetuall flame.
And like the glowing *Amazonian* cell,
Scorch all that doe approch it nigh, and laſt
Like fire-ſpitting *Ætna* waſt its ſelfe.
Amour la fut jamais ou ſans peur, ou ſans pleurs,
Love never was without both feares and teares.
Let then the bucket of thy courage ſtout,
Draw ſo much reaſon out of the noble well
Of thy underſtanding, as ſoone will quench
This childiſh, and unmanly agony.
What ſad diſterous torches *Hymens* light
At every nuptiall? what unfortunate hands
Sincke in the circle of the wedding ring,
Nought breed in bridal ſheets, but pinching feares,
Iarres, diſcontents, ſuſpitions, jelouſies,
Which nought but parting death can terminate.
If kinder *Hymen* prove propitious,
And vexe thee not with theſe; a barren wombe,
A curſe as cruell, may annoy thee ſtill,
Or elſe abortive births thy joy may kill.
Or if with ſetled hope her time ſhe goes,
And then invite *Lucina* to her throwes,
Or by hood-winkt miſchance, or open blame,
Why may not *Atropos* for *Lucina* come.
If that infeſt thee not, tis ſmall delight
To ſee a little wanton ride a cock-horſe
Upon a painted ſtaffe, or heare him chatter,
Like a taught Sterling, Parret, or hoarſe pye.

I'de rather fill a barne full then a bed;
More profit tis to have a crooked plough
Still going, then a tottering cradle rocke.
But more then that, these I terme fooliſh men,
(But fooliſh is the Amoriſts epithite,
On peut a peine aymer enſemble eſtre ſage,
One ſcarſe can be both wife, and love, together)
That ere will truſt their honour in a Barke,
Made of ſo ſlight weake bulruſh as woman,
Apt every fleeting minute for to ſincke it.
And how canſt thou expect fidelity,
In the diſloyall ſex call'd feminine.
Remember fiftie ſiſters, *Belus* daughters,
Who all (ſave one) made of their husbands ſlaughters.
And both th' *Atrides* had their envied lives
Endanger'd by the falſehood of their wives.
Euriphile (falſe Hag) her husband ſould
To *Polinyces* for a chaine of gould.
And Queene *Euridice* conſpired
How to deliver to grim viſag'd death
Her regall Lord, and husband, to enthrone
In his voyd roome her fancied Sonne in Law.
The fierce *Medea* did delacerate
Abſyrtus tender members, to eſcape
Her Fathers purſute, if we may rely
On the report of ſage Antiquity.

Grip. Thou pleadſt againſt thy ſelfe, Ile turn the point
Of thy laſt daggar into thine owne breaſt.
Thou ſayſt *Medea* tore in twaine her brother
Abſyrtus, tis confeſt, 't was to diſcover
Her ardent, and firme ſetled deſire
To follow *Jaſon*, ungratefull *Jaſon*,
Who after that, left her and all her charmes,
To clap another Lady in his armes.

So

So have I seene a Horse-leach oft embrace,
Cleave to and hang upon some bloud-swoln face,
Till its owne turne be serv'd, it holdeth fast,
Untill his panch be full, then drop at last.
But to our take. *Penelope* liv'd chaste,
Though twice five years her royall Lord was gone,
Did not *Æneas* flie, and leave his sword
To let out over-credulous *Dido's* bloud.
When as *Hiero* blam'd his wife, 'cause she,
Never inform'd him of his stinking breath.
I thought (quoth she) that all mens breaths smelt so.
Arria when *Petus* was condem'd to dye,
First stab'd her selfe, then giving him the steele,
This wound (deare *Petus* grieves me not quoth she)
But that which thou must give thy self grieves me.
The *Minians* wives having obtained leave,
To say *valete* to their dying Lords,
Exchang'd their habits, and expos'd themselves
(In their escaped Spouses roomes) unto
The penalty of the offended Law.
Dona the partner of her husbands woe,
With him a long way (as his Page) did goe.
When *Conrad* gave the Matrons leave to beare,
From *Weinsberg* foe-girt town what best they lik't,
Each tooke up her owne husband on her backe.
Cornelia Annia did prostrate lye,
On her defunct Lords Sepulchre, and dye;
For this cause annually a paire of Doves
Are sacrific'd to their firme setled loves.
And happy *Phillacides* loyall wife,
From death redeem'd him with the losse of life.
But many uncertaine waies hath *Phillis* gone.
To find her runnagate *Demophoon*.

Hegio. Humanum eſt errare, I confeſſe,
Both ſexes then are faulty; but what elſe
Doe thy deluded eyes diſcover in
Thy *Mira*, that thy heart ſhould fancy her.
Iſt for her skin-deep beauty (her chiefeſt pride)
That's but times fading flowre, which as tis
Moſt delicate, is as volatious.
Its like unto the Colours *Phidias* drew,
Which ſeemed moſt admirable to the view,
But ſuddenly did vaniſh and impaire,
At the weake puff of each aeriall breath.
A wife is but a faire affliction.
Symonides reputed her to be,
The Shipwrack of a man, the tempeſt of
A houſe, the troubler of quiet reſt.
A priſon of life, a plague aſſiduall,
A tumpatuous conflict, a neceſſary evill,
A horrible care, an ordinary battell,
A daily hinderance, the humane ſlavery,
A faire Aſpe, an inevitable paine,
A pleaſant damage, a domeſtick ſtrife.
If then coy *Mira* ſcorne with thee to dwell,
On earth leave her to leade bruit Apes in hell.

Grimus. Quote not theſe Accherontick Anchorites.
Thoſe ſtolid moatheaten Fooloſophers,
That libell againſt Angels, thoſe night-birds
That doe defile even their owne neſts, nay worſe,
That ſtrangle ſacrilegiouſly the fames
Of their owne mothers; Thoſe ungracious brats
That impiouſly requite with Stygian Inke
The Nectar which indugently they lent them.
Heed not the hiſſing of that viperous brood
Of Parricides to their own mothers names.
A female is the ſecond part of man,

She is a male i'th the neweſt edition,
A wife's the beſt of her Lords movable.
For ſuch a one fierce Champions have prov'd tame,
The ſtouteſt Souldiers trembled, and look wan,
Ready to give their ghoſt up at a frowne,
The oracles of wit and Philoſophy,
Have been loves fooles, and bent their litterature,
But to expreſſe great loves Supremacie,
And the extent of its Dominions.
Nay under *Venus* ſacred Enſignes march,
Etheriall troopes of high mounted gods.

Hegio. Well, each man as he likes, but ſhould the mad
Diſloyall Sycophant, whoſe ſpheare is woe,
Attempt to ſhoot a raving ſhaft at me,
In's many peeces I would make't recoile
Upon his corps, as there be golden ſands,
In the *Pactolian* or *Tagean* ſhores.

Gripus. Ceaſe, ceaſe, good *Hegio*, to repine at love,
Atlantas pace was ſtaid by golden balls.
And gods themſelves are oft enſnar'd by love,
For they have ſlipt beyond their skill in that,
They have made beauty of a greater force
Then they themſelves are able to reſiſt.
For *Leda*, *Jove* became a wandring Swan,
And for *Europia* a loud lowing Bull,
And for *Antiopa* a Satyre rude,
And for bright *Danae* a ſtorme of Ore.
Did not *Apollo* leave his burniſh't throne,
Lay by his treſſes? and in humane ſhape,
Moſt humbly beg a boone at beauties gate?
Did not *Alcides* for *Jole's* ſake
With huge oft draw the ſlender threed.
He was tane captive by his captives looke,
She tooke the Conquerour that had her tooke.

Kind

Kind *Paris* for to ſteale his dainty peece,
Travell'd as farre as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*.
And *Perſeus* amongſt the *Negroes* ſought,
And faire *Andromade* from *Inde* brought.
Cupid can make the Regall Lyon ſport,
In amorous dalliance with the friſking Kid.
Venus can yoake the ravenous and fell kite,
With milder Swans in the ſame Chariot;
Immane rapacious Eagles ſhe can linck
And timorous ſilver-breſted Doves together,
When ſhe commands all animalls lay by
Their contrarieties, and antipathy. *Exit.*

Hegio. Enjoy, ſir, your conceit, but for my part,
I am invulnerable, thou blind Boy
Shalt never take me captive, I am like
Achilles dipt in *Styx*, nor doe I feare
Thy boy-ſhips ſhafts, goe play with angry Bees
And painted Butterflies, and at the Waſps neſt,
And when th'art ſtung, in thy mams lap goe reſt.

SCENA 2.

Venus. Cupid.

HEarke *Cupid* and revenge, this prophane Swaine
Do's ſlight thy quiver, and blaſpheme thy bow,
He ſayes he's ſhot-proofe, ſcornes thy archery,
Scoffes at thy skill.

Cupid. Ile penetrate his heart,
Ile make him be an earneſt Votary
Unto a marble-hearted female Saint.
Ile melt to amorous thoughts his ſoule of ſtone,
Ile torture 'm in loves torrid, frigid Zone.
Ile make him in the ſame flames freez, and fry,

The

The world ſhall be inamour'd of his woe,
Ile find a Shepherdeſſe in whom he'le joy,
And this his darling I will ſoone infect
With coyneſſe and with niceneſſe, for her ſake.
His morning Oriſons ſhall nothing be
But numbers of innumerable ſighs,
Which he ſhall count by pearly teares, not beads.
Ile make the cherries of her ruby lips
The onely cordials for to ſuſtain
His loathed life, and thoſe ſhall be like to
Fugacia poma, which like *Tantalus*
He alwaies ſhall deſire, and alwaies miſſe.
Ile make him view the place where ſhe hath ſet,
And thither he ſhall repaire, as if he thought,
The place ſome ſoveraigne vertue did containe
To eaſe him, and to cure his gnawing paine.

Venus. Let him not wander far from home to ſeeke
Deepe ſtreames in which to waſh his friſking flockes.
Let ſuch unceſſant flouds flow from his eyes
As may ſupply the want of rivolets,
Let his pin'd cheekes and hollow countenance,
Affright all wolves from his ſecure ſheepe,
Let him ſpend all his daies in pinching griefe,
And melancholy diſcontents; and looke
Like to a wither'd tree o're-growne with droſſe.
Let his illetable and penſive ſighes,
Scare all rapacious, and omenous Ravens
From picking out the eyes of his young Lambs
Bleating for nutriment unto their dammes.

Cupid. Innumerable ſuch effects as theſe,
Shall all be cauſ'd by this keen pointed dart.
When as the long-tongu'd Lord of envious light,
Whoſe preſence make the day, whoſe abſence night.
Betray'd my mother, and the god of warre.

Unto the ſooty, black, club-footed dolt,
As he was tempering of a thunder-bolt,
For to revenge this wrong, I made him prove,
The power of my golden ſhaft and love.
And I will make this *Hegio* ſoone confeſſe,
I am a god, and of the ſtarry race.
He ſhoots.
Now lay thy hatred downe, thy ſpite decline,
And prove a votarie at *Daris* ſhrine.
Exeunt.

Scen 3.

Hegio ſolus.

BUt ſure I was not borne *Minerva*-like?
Nor did fond *Paracelſus* teach my Sire
To make a man without conjunction,
What furious madneſſe did poſſeſſe my breſt
To flout at love? and wrong the femal ſex?
And to requite in a ſharpe Satyrs ſtraine,
The roundelayes, and charming lullabies,
That my indulgent genetrix did warble?
What are my braines grown dry, or my bloud cold?
Or am I on a ſudden waxen old?
I thought, though *Cupids* aire-deviding ſhaft,
Soone penetrated the well tempered
Corſlet: which the hot-halting god of fire,
Made for his boyſterous rivall, it ſhould not find,
Or make a way to vulnerate my mind.
And therefore *Venus* I blaſpem'd thy ſonne,
But now I ſing a *Palinodia*.
Alas I have beheld that lovely face
That from her eyes ſhot *Cupids* into mine,

T'abuſe my ſight, and worke upon my frailty,
With their ſmooth oratory to undoe me,
Among thy other trophies let me be,
Kind *Cupid*, *Hertan Porrigo* to thee.
Me thinks ſoft love hath lately made a breach
Into the batter'd bulworks of my breaſt,
And there commandeth all my yeelding powers,
Which now inſulteth in their vaſſalage.
One looke hath ſtruck my ſoule into a feaver,
Me thinks affection whiſpereth in my eare
Faire *Daris* name, *Daris* the ſhepherdeſſe;
An object beautified with the choice gifts
Of liberall nature, and of vertue too,
My wandring eye hath made my heart receive
So good opinon of the forenam'd Nymph,
And hourely it ſolliciteth my tongue,
To trie my fortune, and to let it know,
Whether its like in *Daris* love to reſt
In happy bliſſe, and bliſſefull happineſſe;
Which if deny'd, its ſuddenly prepared,
To leave my skelliton unto grim death.
But courage *Hegio*, let not cold deſpaire
Chill thy greene, and wide-gaping wounds too faſt;
She is a woman, and ſhe may be wonne,
Venus Adonis lov'd, why may not ſhe
Prove love-ſick too, and at length fancie me:
Shall I be baſhfull then, and ſo expire
With griefe; fie, fie, what ſhall a womans eye
Prevaile ſo farre o're me to cauſe me dye,
And leave my name in the fooles Callender,
And there be noted with a rubie letter,
For a ſupereminent Feſtivall;
No, I am loath to leave earth yet, Ile try
If I may live, and find a remedie. *Exit.*

SCEN

SCENA 4.

Chorus of Faires.

BRight *Phœbus* who with morning light
Put'ſt *Heſperus* twinckling traine to flight,
When as thou rowzeſt, and diſplay
Thy golden locks, and ſummon day;
Thou who doſt reſt thy drowzie-head,
In aged *Thetis* froathy bed:
When as thy gilded Car of day,
His glowing axle doth allay.
Thou who in twice 6 Months fulfill
Thy journall on th'Olympian hill,
Illuſtrious Lord of light, in vaine
Thou bragg'ſt with arrowes to have ſlaine
Thy *Python* ſterne, whoſe maſſie bones
Were Iron barres, like congeal'd ſtones
His knotty ſinewes were, the boughes
Wer's ſhady covers; his great troughes
Deepe Rivolets, which he (well nigh)
Carouſed at one watering dry:
His belching ſhot forth flames, his eye
Shin'd like the dapled morning skie.
Faire *Venus* thy young hoodwinkt ſonne
More glorious trophies oft have won,
Thou that crown'ſt thy loves with bayes,
Inventer of mellodious Layes.
Thou left'ſt *Pernaſſus* bifork't hill,
And *Tempe* thy faire domicill,
At loves command, and all to be
At *Daphne's* ſhrine a Votary.

Thou

Thou that did'ſt by virtuall heat
The happy plants, and herbes create,
Couldſt find no plant, or herbe to be
A medicine for loves maladie.
When thou commandſt the birds to bring,
In triumph to the world, the Spring,
The new-clad earth hath quickly loſt
Her Snow-white roabes, no chilly froſt
Candies the graſſe, no ycie creame
Congeale the lake, or pearly ſtreame ;
No ſnow lies ſheltred in the ſhade,
The earth is thaw'd and tender made :
For all thy heat, thy love doth lowre,
Nor had thy ſcalding rayes the power
To thaw her Marble yce, and this
T'was cauſ'd her *Metamorphoſis*.

Large limb'd *Hercules* trebly bleſt
With fame, thou who in youth expreſt
Deedes of honour, thy cradle's crownd
With brave achivements, which renown'd
Thy name ; thy valour was ſuppli'd
With ſtrength, thy haughty ſpirit defi'd
An hoaſt of men, Heaven ne're conjoyn'd
So ſtrong a body, or ſo ſtout a mind.

I.

Brag not cauſe you ſlew and withſtood
Within the thick *Nemean* wood
A beaſt, the temper of whoſe heart
Was like a nether Milſtone ; Dart,
Nor threatning Sword, nor frightfull Speare,
Could terrifie it with *Panick* feare :
Like knotty wreaths of craggy braſſe
His ſinewes were, a noiſe did paſſe

From's

From's mouth, which might ſtrike deafe the eares
Of mortals, and affright the Spheres;
You wore his ruggid ſhaggie hide
About your ſhoulder, and left ſide.

2.

The *Hydra* by thy hand was ſlaine,
Whoſe heads lopt off ſprouted againe.
The mud was made his downie bed,
The ſtones were pillowes for his head,
His ſpeckled jawes which hideous were,
Thy brawny armes did boldly teare.

3.

Thy club made th'*Erymanthean* Beare.
Lye weltring in his ruddy goare,
His ſharpened tusks ſhall ſpoile no more
(As it was wont to doe before)
Arcadia, which in antique dayes
Did warble out her well-tun'd Layes,
And ſing loves on her oaten reed,
Whilſt her ſecure flocks did feed.

4.

The *Centaure* thou ſubdu'ſt by force,
Halfe like a man, halfe like a horſe.

5.

Swifter then wind you ran, or thought,
On foot a running Stag you caught.

6.

Rapacious bird *Stymphalide*,
Were made a prey to death by thee.

7.

Thou mighty Scavinger wert able
To cleanſe the foule *Augean* ſtable.

9. And

8.

You made a Bull to croſſe the Maine,
And graze on *Neptunes* liquid plaine.

9.

And *Diomedes* fell monſter,
Who made his captives provender
To his proud pamper'd ſteeds, by thy
Revengefull hand did juſtly dye.

10.

Falſe *Cacus* thou didſt cruſh to death,
And 'twixt thy armes ſqueeze out his breath.

11.

Ceaſe the adjuring world to tell
Of thy forc't entrance into Hell.
You ſwadled *Charon* with his oare,
The triple-headed ban-dog roare,
And yelle : you *Pluto* ere you're gone
Confronted on his jeaty throne.

12.

Heſperides fruit, ſweet and gay,
By thee were ſtolen, and borne away.
By *Juno's* labours you war'nt broke,
And yet you yeelded to loves yoake.

Thus Love made *Hegio* to eſpie
Sweet *Daris* Phiſiognomy,
And prove cloſe priſ'ner to that eye,
Whoſe frownes make him prepar'd to dye.
Love wound her too, that we may all
Keepe holyday at their Nuptiall.

Exeunt.

Actus 2.

Scena 1.

Hegio. Grypus.

NOw we are both in the ſame predicament
Of Paſſion, we both bleſt objects love.
But through their nicitie, and coy diſdaine,
We're like Loves curſed abjects both to prove.
Now, now we Symbolize in egritude,
And Simpathize in *Cupids* malady.
My drooping head, my deepe contracted brow,
My bloudleſſe cheeks, dead eyes, pale lips, faint tongue,
Shall ſtrive in each point thine to equalize.
My heart even now reſolv'd my haſty feet
Should meaſure out the over tedious way
To *Daris* (whoſe faire face a garden is,
In which freſh beautie plants her choyſeſt flowres
But frozen Winter keeps his riſidence.
Ith Domicil of'r Adamantine heart.)
I thought each wearie ſtep to be a mile,
I thought each pace to be a meaſur'd league,
Untill I heard her tender nibling Lambes
Imploring with their bleating oratory,
Some aliment of their indulgent dames.
At length I ſpi'd upon a happy mount.
My *Daris*, whom the Sunne did gently kiſſe,
(Being then mounted in his mid-day heat.)
Daris both ſinging ſat, and knitting too.
As if her nimble fingers ſought to keep,
True tune with her tongues Muſicke. ——

Thus ſhee ſung.

Song.

Song.

I *Have a Sunne-burnt Pilgrim ſeen*
That dry hath been,
Haſting unto the Chriſtall Springs,
Where downe he flings
His proſtrate body, then he'le be
With bended knee
A Votary
Vnto the flowing Dietie.

2.

But when his ſweating face is drencht
And thirſt be quencht
In her coole waves, then this his ſweet
With ſaucy feet
He kicks, and from the ſlighted place
Soone moves his pace,
And court no more
The ſilver Nymph ſo lov'd before.

3.

So Io *was with foule ſcorne waſted,*
When once taſted
By the injurious raviſher
Great Jupiter,
Who firſt with prayers did invade
The credulous Maid;
After the rape
He plagu'd her with a brutiſh ſhape.

4.

Kind Mayden Goddeſſe by thy skill
Protect, and ſtill
Let netts of paſſions fineſt thread
Never thee ſpread,
Nor ſnaring Poems proffer'd be
T'intangle me.
For they indure
For their reward a Calenture.

5.

That fondly prove too kinde to cure
Loves diſeaſe. —— I'de rather ſure
That my fond Lover ſtill ſhould pine
Then that his wanne cheek ſhould aſſigne,
A ſempiternall bluſh to mine.
Still chaſt Dian *let me be thine.*
Ile vow allegiance at thy ſhrine,
No Nuptiall bands ſhall me combine.

Whilſt thus ſhe ſung, the winds grew whiſt, the wild
Incenſed Beares, and Panthers proved mild,
Amazed I a fixed tree did prove,
But wonder blaſted trees did dance, and move,
Each bends his palſie tops to worſhip her,
And turne obſequious Idolater,
Her Lyrick ayres intic't the raviſh't quire
Of birds to come, which (being come) admire.
The ſcaly fiſh to heare her voice did lay
Upon the waters top, and frisk, and play.

Er-

Ere while I fondly thought love could convay
(Although he's deified) no other way,
But through the gazing eyes, into the heart
His love-infected, keene and fatall dart,
But whilſt I heard this ſmooth-tongu'd *Syren* ſing
On the harmonious aier-deviding wing
Of her ſweet voice, it plainely did appeare,
That ſubtile love could enter at the eare.
Long time I ſtood amaz'd, at length vow'd I
To live by her propitious ſmiles, or dye
By rigorous frownes ſhot from her awfull eye.
I ſad for nuptiall love, ſhe ſtrait deny'd,
I plead affection, by ſhe reply'd
(Diſdainfully) denialls, and left me
An abject unto love and miſerie.

Gripus. Even now anatomiz'd by groanes and ſighs,
Almoſt interr'd and buried in woe,
To *Mira's* paſtures I reſolv'd to goe,
The ſheep and lamkins with rich fleeces loaden,
Became my ſpokeſ-men, and with bleating noiſe
Pleaded at *Mira's* barr for my admiſſion.
She mounted ſate upon a happy hillock.
Clad in the verdent pluſh of Madam Nature,
In twiſted braids of ſilver Lillies knitting,
The looſe traine of her amber dropping haire.
Phœbus my rivall prov'd, and wo'd my faire,
He graz'd upon her corall lips, and bath'd
Himſelfe in balmy juice of fervent kiſſes.
He ſeiz'd the roſe-buds in the ſpicy beds
Of her delicious cheekes, whilſt thus ſhee ſung.

Song.

MEns loves like tinder set on fire
Flame, and expire.
Fond love doth faile
With brittle beauty. Beautie's fraile
Like Junes *raine, or* Decembers *Sunne*
'Tis quickly done.
Or like to the Solsticiall flowre,
It buds and withers in an houre.

2.

Cælia's *locks so aptly twin'd,*
Each haire would bind
Olympick Jove,
In a strong twisted net of love,
If to descend downe he assumes
His Eagles plumes,
These haires will change their hue, and grow
Hoary and cold, as melting snow.

3.

Like to a comely field of Snow
Now shewes her brow;
Rutts shall betray
Ere long, and wrinkles deep display,
Times plough have furrowed her brow.
An Ice shall flow
Through ev'ry veine, she shall discry
Pale Death displaid in her dimme eye.

4. Each

4.

Each beame ſhot from her eye ſo gray
Creates the day,
That eye oft made
By winkes, the noone-day Sunne a ſhade.
Now it is youthfull Cupids *neſt,*
'Tis at the beſt.
For it will prove his grave, and be
Eclipſed in obſcurity.

5.

Of flowres both the King and Queen
In'r cheeks are ſeen
By graces led
Thither, and laid in nuptiall bed
On whom ſips like Nymphs doe wait
In regall ſtate.
They bluſh and redder grow, by this
That they themſelves, themſelves ſtill kiſſe.

6.

No Lilly ſhall be found, or Roſe
In cheeke, chin, noſe,
When age growes on
And beauties Summer time be done,
As Swallowes ſeeke when Summers gone
Some warmer Sunne.
So will diſloyall Lovers all
Which now fond Celia *ſervants call.*

(7)

Then ſhall I love a man that may
Love for a day.
But when I'me pin'd,
And yellow ſpred, where red once ſhin'd,
Leave me an abject for to be
To miſery.
No, No, the worſt of Stigian paines,
Is itch of love, in age dry'd veines.

This muſick ſtupifi'd my raviſht eares,
And wrought an emulation in the Spheares.
The Eccho liſtned to her warbled tones,
And told their Joyes for every word aloud.
Whilſt ſhe did ſubtly charme my liſtning eare,
Love emptied his quiver on my heart.
Muſick ſo thaw'd my Adamantine mind,
That not an arrow did reſiſtance find.
Thus did my Tyrant celebrate the prize,
Act, and preſent, the triumph of her eyes,
So *Nero* once with harp in hand ſurvai'd
His burning *Rome*, and as it flam'd, he plai d

But to proceed, I begg d great *Iuno's* bleſſing,
T'attend my hopefull ſuite in the ſuppreſſing
Loves common tocs, diſdaine, and nicet e.
I made aſſault but never yet could board,
Or ſcale the Adamantine heart of hers,
I fly like a ſtruck Hart before the hounds,
With th'winged wantons Javelin in my wounds.

Exit.
Hegio.

Hegio. As when my over daring eye behold
The ſuns bright beames, I twinckle with my lids:
Even ſo the rayes, the day creating rayes,
The radient rayes, which *Daris* doe dart forth
From th' *Ebon* arches of her heavenly browes
(Whoſe winkes convert the higheſt mounted ſun,
The noon-day ſun, unto a gloomy ſhade)
Have blaſted my weake eyes, and lately led
Unto her royall perſon me a ſlave.
My eyes are ſwollen up, as loath to ſee
The glaring ſun, ſo injurious to me,
That bright coale which cleares all the world beſide
Hang like a fatall commet ore my head,
Ere ſince he's ſo unkind in holding forth
Enough of light to ſee this ſhining laſſe
Whoſe eyes will prove my parching burning glaſſe.

Exit.

Scen 2.

Mira. Daris. Tyndarus. Mycon.
Dipſas. Theſtila.

Mira. HAile *Daris*, may I joy you?
Daris. Me, for what?
Mira. For what? each buſie Shepherdeſſe have fill'd
Her lap with flowers, for to compoſe, and knit
A nuptiall chaplet for your Bridall browes.
Daris. The Bridegromes wanting ſtill,
Mira. No, tis *Hegio*,
Daris. Pſh, if your love ſick *Gripus* ſpeed no better
In's earneſt ſuite, then *Hegio's* like to doe
Hel'e never breake with you a Bridall cake;

But

But why ſhould I ſay if? 'tis ſure enough
Each Shepherd now is tuning of his pipe
To warble your Epithalamians.
Mira. Then let them turne them into Elegies
And Epicediums for *Gripus* death.
Daris. And let the Shepherdeſſes weaue a wreath
Of Willowes to encircle *Hegio*'s browes.
Here comes our Parents.
Tyndarus. Theſe faire maides, I hope,
Are counſelling each other to prove kinde,
And pitty their diſtreſſed lovers.
Daris. Lovers,
Sir, what have we to doe with lovers, wee
Have ſworne alleageiance at *Diana's* ſhrine;
If we ſhould love, we breake the faith we owe
To Virgin pureneſſe, and our veſtall vow.
My. Such are like plum-trees that doe crooked grow
Ore ſtanding pooles, they laden are, and rich
With pleaſant fruits; but nought but chattering Pyes,
And Crowes, and Catterpillars feed upon them.
Tyndarus. O fie upon this ſingle life, forgoe it,
We read how *Daphne* for her peeviſh flight,
Became a fruitleſſe Bay-tree, *Sirinx* turn'd
To a pale empty Reed, *Anaxarite*
Was frozen into Marble, whereas thoſe,
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
Were by a gracious influence tranſform'd
Into the Olive, Pomegranet, Mulberie,
Became Flowers, precious Stones, or eminent Starres.
Dip. Imprudent girles, why ſhould we women prove
Sore tortures, and diſturbances to men,
If we be foule we're odious and loath'd.
Theſt. And ſuch unkinde girles as theſe are, if faire,
Are like rich veſſels full of poyſonous drugges,

Or

Or like blacke Serpents arm'd with golden ſcales.
Mira. Ceaſe to perſwade, for *Gripus* name and death
Have both one ſound in my eſteeme, that tongue
Which warble forth the one, doe chant the other.
Daris. That direfull ſound, that moſt diſaſterous knell
Attendeth *Hegio's* name, and ever will.
Tynd. Rare grace, and comely feature both are joynd
In you, as if they both coſpir'd to make
Two parragons, which ſhould excell each other.
Shall common beauties then, and meaner faces
Enjoy theſe joyes, which your ſelves deny
Unto your ſelves, no let your gentle hearts
Imbrace the ſweets due to ſo faire deſerts,
Your lovely features were beſtow'd on you
By liberall nature for to be injoy'd;
And 'twere a ſinne where ſhe have beene ſo free
Of her beſt graces, to be nigardly. (lovers ſides,
Micon. Wound not your ſelves through your poore
Starve not your ſelves to make them pine away,
Be kind unto your ſelves, if not to them.
Dipſas. Vſe time, the ſquabling Snake with age ore-
Caſts off her hide, and re-aſſumes a new. (worne
The towring Eagle change her aged plumes,
The fading Roſe (the glory of the Spring)
Receive an annuall birth from the ſharp briar,
Be wiſe, and crop in time your beauties flowers,
They ne're ſpring more, being faded once, like ours.
Theſt. Vſe time, no lovers will croud to impart
Their thriving ſutes to your age deafned eares,
Chuſe conſtant lovers then whilſt that you may,
Such as love for a like-long-age, not dayes,
Your beautie's fraile, and ſoone will bud, and wither,
Mir. With beauty love will bloome, & blow together.
Daris. Beauty and love are like the coupled twins

Of

Of wiſe *Hipocrates*, who both at once
Received birth, and nutriment, and death.

Mira. He ne're ſhall crop my youthfull beauties flower
That i'le ceaſe to love, when beauty 'gins to lower.

Exeunt.

SCEN. 3.

Gripus. Hegio

Gripus. OF late I did (not brooking a deniall)
Renew my ſuite, attempt a further triall,
Intreat, conjure, I left no way untri'd
I muſt not, no I would not be deni'd.
This was my reſolution, but ſhe
The obdurate portall of whoſe Marble heart
Was lockt, and barr'd againſt the powerfull art
Of oft repeated teares, or far fetcht ſighs,
Or deep, and heart-bred groanes, ſtood deaf, and dumbe
She muſt not, no ſhe would not be o're come.

Hegio. I never move her, but my hopeleſſe triall
Alwayes reade Hieroglypicks of deniall.

Gripus. Still lets proceede, who knowes we may pre-
Let not our beſt advis'd indeavours faile, (vaile,
To be employd, lets make a further triall,
And fairly ſpeed or find a foule deniall.

Exeunt.

Scen.

CEN. 4.

Chorus of Faires

SOme love, and have their loves rewarded
Some love, and are no whit regarded,
Some woe and ſpeed, ſome woe and be
Rejected for their loyaltie,
This tyrant love compar'd may be
To th' *Macedonian* dietie
Whoſe lookes ſeem'd ſometimes to diſdaine
This Champion, or that again,
It would caſt amorous glances forth
Applauding to his mighty worth.
No torture, no affliction
Like to true loves paſſion,
This made *Sophocles* wiſh his foe
Might onely be tormented ſo.

Exeunt.

Finis Act. 2^d.

ACTUS 2.

SCENA 1.

Hegio. Gripus.

Hegio. EXil'd from mirth I wander up and downe,
Gall'd with loves tyranous torment, lo I ly,
Inthrall'd, and bound in *Cupids* golden chaines,
Perplext with wo, my feature all is blur'd
And chang'd, and I am Metamorphoſed.

Gripus. I am transformed too, O how hath paſſion
Thruſt all my thoughts, and ſenſes out of faſhion.

Hegio. My head of late was thatcht with yellow ſtraw
Now it is perriwig'd with Winters gray.

Gripus. My front as ſmooth as Ivory while ere
Now beares deepe furrowes, made by ſorrowes plough,
In which the ſeeds of woe are ſcattered.

Hegio. My eyes are Ilands, they're girt round about
With troubled Oceans, and tides of teares.

Gripus. I ſpend thoſe teares whoſe ſtore will ne're be (ſpent,
Yet ſhall I want teares, before cauſe of them.
My *Mira* ſcore not up my cares, and feares,
Nor keep a Catalogue of my ſad teares.

Hegio. Quotidian feavers of reproch and ſcorue,
Have chill'd the vigour of my wounded heart,
Yet by the ſcorching raies of *Daris* eyes,
It ſtill is ignifi'd and glowes, and flames,

O *Daris* let the ſhowres of thy love
Aſſwage the glowing fire of my paſſion.

Gripus. If I ſhould put to Sea and boldly plough
The glaſſie face of *Neptune*, love would be
My Pylot. If perchance I walke abroad
For recreation, my companion
Is love, the fruitleſſe love, of coy *Mira*.

Hegio When the ſoft charmes of labour chaſing ſleepe
Seize with their downy wings upon my eyes,
When heavy *Morpheus* with his leaden keyes
Cloſe up my watchfull ſenſes, love's my pillow.

Grip. Me thinks the gentle gales of winds that move
The trembling boughs, and through their palſie leaves,
Breath muſicke, whiſper *Mira's* name to me.

Hegio. Me thinks the notes of all the chirping birds
Are chang'd, and warble nought but *Daris* name.

Grip. Me thinks that Eccho which doe alwaies ſpeak
In anſwer to my ſighs, ſay *Mica's* coy.
Tis true, *Diana* hath more Nimphs then one
In ſtore, but no fruit elſe will pleaſe my taſte,
But what *Heſperides* garden brought forth,
No colour pleaſe my eye but that which was
Stained by the fiſh *Maurietticall*,
And none but *Mira* can my fancy move.
O *Mira* that my heart were flint like thine,
Or thine were ſoft, and plyable, like mine.

Hegio. The birds wander in the flowrie fields
In the wild benefit of nature, live
Happier then we; for they may chooſe their mates,
And carroll their ſweet pleaſures to the Spring,

Whilſt

Whilſt I doe languiſh like a a Plant in drought,
And lay all pickled up in briny teares.
Great *Jove* who ſetſt upon thy Saphire throne,
Spangled with Starrs, Remember, *Venus* ſonne
Transfixt his darts in thy celeſtiall breaſt,
And learne to pitty ſlighted Lovers by
The pangs you felt in that extremity.

Grip. Sacred *Apollo* call to minde the time
When thou wert beauty blaſted, as I am,
And if thy ayre dividing dart can't make
Mira to love, let them make *Gripus* dye.

Heg. And thou faire *Paphian* Queen (cauſe of my wo)
Thy ſelf didſt once implore *Adonis* love,
Prove you as kind, I'me tortur'd on thy rack,
Eaſe my ſad ſoule, or cauſe my heart-ſtrings crack.

Exeunt.

SCEN 2.

SCENA 2.

Venus. Cupid.

Venus. What though with wrie-mouth'd (ſquint-ey'd ſcoffes
Theſe Shepherds once did ſleight and ſcorne thy bow,
Yet don't extend thy puniſhments ſo farre,
As they ſhould fatall prove, ſon ſave their lives.
Yeares heavy loaden wirh their months retire,
Months end, their date of meaſur'd dayes being come,
And dayes full hour'd to their periods tend,
And howres chaſt with light-foot minutes end,
Let their undaunted e'uls now find reliefe,
Let rip'ned time now terminate their griefe.

Cupid. What pretty weather-cocks theſe women be,
I've oft heard Willow-wearing *Crites* ſay,
(Aecuſing *Dilla* of unconſtancy)
That *Venus* was a Planet, no fixt Sarr,
Nor did he deviate from truth in this,
Twice in a minute ſhe will wax, and wane.
Of late made drunke with furious paſſion,
With eyes converted into raging flames,
With wrinckles on your ſterne contracted brow,
Wrinkles (by anger made) like Sepulchers,
In which poore *Hegio* might have been interr'd;
Urged with ſpeedy haſte, you ſummon'd me
To give attendance, without ſlow delay,
I ſhook my nimble pearle-imbroider'd wings,
And cut the skie to execute your will,
I had command to torture *Hegio*,
To toſſe him in loves blanquet, and to make him
The moſt diſtreſt of men, a ſcorned lover,

Now you would ſurfet him with happineſſe,
Now you would throw his Miſtris *Julio's* armes,
You'd have her ſtruck too, that ſhe ſick might be
No more of coyneſſe or unconſtancie.
Venus. The Eagle ſcornes to ſtoop unto a Fly,
The Regall Lyon doth refuſe to prey
On him that proſtrate lies, and will you prove
More cruell then theſe be? Then Poets pens
Shall Satyrs drop, and paint out thy diſgrace,
Thy childehood, nakedneſſe, and hoodwinck't face,
Prove kind, and ev'ry tongue ſhall carroll forth,
And chant in amorous lines thy laſting praiſe.

Cupid, he ſhoots.

Yeild (gentle girles) to love, now each goe reſt,
Her amourous heart in her true lovers breaſt.

SCEN. 3.

Gripus. Hegio.. Eccho.

Grip. Lanch forth ſad ſoule into an *Ocean*
Of teares, driven by the bluſtring *gales* of ſighs,
To find the *Haven*, and ſeeke ſafe *harbour* out,
But ſtay a while, I thinke I'de neede provide
Some other *Pylot* for to *ſteere and guid*
Thy ballanc't bulk, beſides ſorrow, and griefe,
For theſe I feare will *ſtrike*, *and ſplit o'th ſands*,
Wanting a *Compas* in their quavering hands.
How ere th'art like to *leake*, and *ſinck i'th waves*,
Ith' raging *Waves* of ſad deſpaire, if ſo
Thy *ſailes* and *tacklings* thou to flames maiſt turn
Caſt *overboard* thy hope, thy *carkaſſe* burne.
My grief's a boundleſſe *Sea* that knowes no *Shore*.

Hegio.

Hegio. O that I were a *Baſiliske* that I
Might venome *Daris*, or unvenom'd dye.
To ſome tenebrious dungeon let us hie
Where never day ſhall be acquainted with us,
Where we'le remaine ſtill in obſcurity.
Curſing our fates, and never more behold
Sols radient and ſplendidious raies; and heare
The melancholly Owle *Nictimine*,
(The chiefeſt friend of ſolitarineſſe)
The ſullen Dogs, the immitating Apes,
Shall ſtill converſe with us, and ſuch dumb things,
To whom nature denies uſe to ſound our names,
Our griefes to blab, or fames to damnifie.
Eccho. Fie,
Hegio. We wiſh for death, we live without all hope,
Eccho. Hope.
Gripus. Hopes t'obtaine our loves their are none,
Eccho. One.
Hegio. 'Tis bootleſſe to try againe,
Eccho. Try againe.
Gripus. Say, ſhall we then obtaine reciprocall love?
Eccho. Love.
Hegio. Shall we aſſuredly
Upon a babling *Eccho's* voice rely?
Alas, he fondly prates, ſhall we beleev't?
Eccho. Beleev't.
Gripus. We will; and as thy tale prove true,
So will we credit *Eccho's*.
Eccho. Credit *Eccho*.
Hegio. Now as a well is hotter, when the ground
Weare Winters hoary mantle, then when as
Earth decking *Flora* doth inveſt the graſſe
In *Summers* tapeſtry, and *Junes* parliament roabs

By an Antiperiſtaſin, or by
The cirumambient ayres humidity,
Which in a manner doe beſiege it round,
And make th'intrinſique heate unite, and ſo
Concentre to reſiſt th'invading foe:
So let their coyneſſe ſet an edge on us,
And cuſpidat our animoſities.
Tu ne cede malis, ſed contra audentior ito,
Yeeld not to ev'les, but 'gainſt them ſtoutlier goe.

Exeunt.

SCENA 4.

Flambio. Agroicus.

Flam. How happy am I in my bud of youth?
The bloſſome of my nonage is not blowne,
Nor doe the ſtrength of nature (yet) beginne
To uneffeminate my downy cheeke.
I place no happineſſe in womens ſmiles,
Nor torture in their ill-becomming frowues,
My heart is ſhot-free (yet) nor doth it lye
in the faire casket of a Females eye,
But haile *Agroicus*, what think'ſt of love.

Agroicus. In good ſooth, I know not how to devine it, or give an extract deminution of it, but as I deceive, its very nocent, and almoſt omninocent, where it gits the upper hand.

Love and the botts have kill'd many an old horſe, my Grandame told me that.

And I have heard an old blancient boet ſay that *Megander* ſwum through Hell to his *Hero*, I thinke hee was a Gooſe to doe ſo; And yet my Zonne *Tom* did more

more the 'tother day, he leapt over a high wall, and waded through a deepe moate paſt his depth, to git to *Margery*.

As I came up at the butt londs end, I met him in that caſe, but O, how did I bemire, and wonder, to ſee his new ſlop and all his cloathes bejeered with the mud of the pond he ran through.

The old Boet I bominated before, ſaid, That when folke fell in love, a blind naked boy, he called him *Stupid*, ſhot them, 'Twas he ſhot my Zonne *Tom*, by the Maskins I would give the beſt cow in my yard, to find out this raskall *Stupid*, and I would thraſh him, as I did the Henne laſt *Shrove-tueſday*.

Exeunt.

Scena 5.

Gripus. Hegio. Hymen.

Gripus. Like as a guilty priſoner, upon whom
Offended Juſtice lately paſt her doome,
Drags his ſad Irons from the loathed jaile,
(Hopeleſſe to live) unto the curſed tree
Where he ſtands muffled (but an inch from death)
His laſt prayer ſaid, and hearts confeſſion made;
At laſt (unlookt for) come a ſlow reprieve.
And gives the wretch ſome few daies more to live.
Now he (loſt in amazement) boldly rends
Deaths muffler from his eyes, and ſcarcely knows
(Being over-joy'd) whether he lives or dyes:
Even ſo joy whoſe life is quit from death,
And deſpaire, by *Mira's* propitious ſmiles,
Now 'gins t'approach my Feſtivall, and reſt,
I've chaſt dull ſorrow from my penſive breſt.

Hegio. Thanks gentle *Eccho* for thy ſweet direction,
Thankes gentle *Juno* for thy kind protection,
Daris is wonne, Hence loathed Melancholly,
Avaunt, avaunt from hence thou Snake-hair'd Devill,
Thou hollow-eyde monſter full fraught with evill,
Hence, to the Abyſſe below, thy way imbrace,
For that's thy Manſion, thy proper place.
The gulfe that wants a bottom, there mayſt dwell,
And preſide o're the counſell of darke hell,
Inthroan'd in *Radamanthus* ſeat muſt raigne
Among the *Cacodæmons*, ne're againe
Aſcend to caſt thy influence ore my braine.

Hymen. You that in this unfortunate age of love,
This hapleſſe time of of *Cupids* tyranny,
Have felt the worſt that winged wag could doe
Now baniſh ſorrow, henceforth you ſhall be
So happy as to thinke no wight is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd miſerie.
What pleaſures Poets fame of after death,
In the Elizean al buſted groves,
Shall ſpread themſelves 'fore you, as if you were
Tenants, or Farmers of thoſe bleſſed ſhades,
It ſhall be a perpetuall Spring, where you
Inhabit, all diſaſterous dewes, and blaſts
Shall ſtrangers to your happy paſtures be.
Come follow me, this my well-lighted flame
Shall light you unto *Ceres* Tempell, where
(Expecting you) they Nuptiall garlands weare,
That hold your hearts chain'd in their golden haire

Exeunt.

SCEN. 6.

Scen. 6.

Chorus of Fairies.

Ring out yee Chriſtall Spheares,
Once bleſſe our liſtning eares,
Let your ſweet ſilver chime
(Keeping harmonious time)
Carroll forth your loud layes
In the winged wantons praiſe.
Mab thou Majeſtick Queene
Of Fairies, be thou ſeene
To keep this holyday,
Whilſt we dance and play,
And friſk it as we goe
O'th light fantaſtick toe.
The Satyres and the Fawnes
Shall nimbly croſſe the Lawnes,
O're tawny ſands, and ſhelves,
Trip it yee dapper Elves,
Dance by the fountaine brim
Nymphs deck't with Daiſies trim,

Come Lovers all in rowes,
With your blith and jolly browes,
With flowry chaplets crown'd,
Come Lovers walke a round
This Village, *Venus* ſay,
Annually this day
Her Sonnes triumphs ſhall be,
Lovers expreſſe your glee.

Exeunt cantantes.

Epilogue.

Flambio.

Our Lovers now find in their ſtrict imbraces
The true *Elyzium*, (the beſt of places,)
Their joyes are full, they nothing want at all,
But your acceptance of their Paſtorall.

FINIS.

By

BY that time this paſtime was paſt, it was paſt time, to keepe their drowſie eyes any longer waking, who by this time, ſollicited them to commend themſelves to the elder Brother of death, but upon the approaching of the next *Aurora*, before the welkin had fully put aſide the ſable vizard of the night, before the ſtars were covered, and the earth diſcovered by the Sunne, *Philiſpis* (accompanied with a troope of Knights of ſuch renown, and tranſcendent worth, as future times muſt out of duty owe them the debt of an honourable memory) came to celebrate his nuptialls with the Lady *Julia*.

Now every buſie Virgin is preparing coſtly jewels to adorne the Bride. every willing hand is providing ornaments to deck her. Rare beauty and well becoming grace damaskt her roſie cheeks, her glorious eyes did ſpark and rutilate, and eject rayes, her pace was careleſſe, her deportment neglected, ſeeming to diſcover an amoriſts paſſions. She was led by *Flaminius* to the Chappel of the Caſtle; *Flora* did weaue the violets into a purple rugg, to ſpread her paths with. *Cardinall de Rechileu* tied that Cordian knot which ſempiternally conjoyned theſe Amoriſts.

Having pay'd the duty they owed to their ſtomackes, for the greater magnificence of the ſolemnization a juſting was held in the preſence of *Phyliſpis*, and *Julia*, who now knew no other ſpheare beſides joy to move in. The firſt that entred the liſts was *Flaminius*, the firſt that encounter'd him was *Mendorus*, who though he was a Knight whoſe heroick deedes of chivalry, neither time

can

can weare out of memory, neither death himſelfe by any meanes diſolve) was forced at the firſt meeting to make a pillow of his Palfries croop.

The ſecond that came againſt *Flaminius*, was *Plitilius*, in whoſe acts there is truth enough to make him famous, beſides that which is fabulous, when theſe two ſons of valour, (whoſe lightfooted ſteeds ran as if they had beene begotten by the winde, and ballaſted with quick ſilver) met, breaking their knotty ſpeares even to their gauntlets, they ſeemed to have dim'd the air with the diſperſed ſplinters of their ſhivered lances, whilſt they paſſed by each other, not without evident tokens of their approved proweſſe encharacterized upon their raced gorgets, the next time *Flaminius* encountred him with ſo much force, as he inforced him to leave his ſaddle.

Our Champion next *Antagoniſt* was *Alſus*, a man of a haughty courage, and of grand experience in Military affaires, he bore for his device upon his ſhield, fickle fortunes whirling wheele; but this angry goddeſſe placed him in the lower ſpokes, for he was ſoone ſent with his heeles upward to company his fellowes.

Flaminius ſtill continued unhorſing his unabiding enemies, till the declining lamp of light did treble each ſhaddow, and *Titans* fierie chariot horſes defatigated with their tedious race, were retired to drench themſelves in their hoſpitable ſalt bath, for the refreſhing of their ſweating members; at which time he left the liſts, having renowned Victory for his hand-maid, and the trophies of the day adorning his creſt.

We may better imagine, then deſcribe the reſt of the entertainment, onely thus much, when the chorus of their dreames were ready to ſtep upon the theater of the imagination

gination, the over-wearied creatures of the world inclining to repoſe, being now ſurvayd by the Pale Lady of the night, the princely company there preſent attended *Philiſpis* and *Julia* to their Amphithalame, where one of the Actors of the precedent paſtorall warbled worth this *Epithalamium*.

Epithalamium.

Mirth and nuptiall joyes betide
Th' happy Bridegrome and fair Bride,
Sol have quencht his glowing beame
In the coole Atlantick ſtreame,
Now their ſhines no tell-tale ſun
Hymens rites are to be done,
Now Loves revells 'gin to keepe,
What have you to doe with ſleepe?
You have ſweeter ſweets to prove,
Lovely *Venus* wakes, and love,
Goddeſſe of Nocturnall ſport
Alwaies keep thy jocond court
In this loving couples armes
(O that my praiers might prove charmes.)
Goddeſſe of the marriage feaſt
Here approach at our requeſt
Saturnia, whoſe car I ſaw
A harneſt teame of Peacoks draw
Fercely through the fleeting skie,
Wherein ſate thy majeſtie,

On

On thee did an Hoaſt attend
Of bright goddeſſes, deſcend
From that chariot, and bleſſe
Julia's womb with fruitfulneſſe,
Make her, when 9 Moneths be run
Mother of a lovely ſon,
Let every yeer the Queene of love
Her new fill'd cradle rock, and move.
Mirth and Nuptiall joyes betide
The happy Bridegroome, and fair Bride.

This Song being ended, they tooke away their candle, and wiſh't them good night.

Soone after the nimble houres had yoaked *Piroeis*, *Æthon*, *Eous*, and *Phlegon*, the fire-breathing Palfryes of *Apollo*, and their maſter *Phœbus* leaving the Sea-greene bed of his watry Lover, had with his golden Chariot made a ſwift paſſage through the ribs of the deepe, and ſaluted him at his Chamber window, *Flaminius* aroſe to take his leave of this glorious aſſembly, then he returned to *Poyſſy*, and by degrees viſited all *France*, paſt through the meridian of the ſlow pac't *Spaine*, and drunken *Germany*, with the moſt part of thoſe united Provinces, which are pluckt out of the jawes of *Neptune*, and after three yeares ſpace he returned home to *Naples*, whoſe happy returne we heartily congratulate in theſe rimes.

Take the low lowing Bull, the ſharp-tuskt Bore,
(Beſmeared with *Adonis* ruddy gore.)
And friſking Lambs, and with their bloud beſtow
A freſh, red, corall tincture on the brow

Of

Of froth becurled *Neptune*, lets ariſe,
And to the carefull Sea-gods ſacrifice.
Let gratefull Aromatick odours burne,
Let pious incenſe ſmoake, for the returne
Of Great *Flaminius*, in whom abide
More Art, then raiſed *Athens* to her pride,
More civill Ethicks he containe, then may
Well moralize all ſauage *India*.
Dance nimbly Ladies, beat the meaſur'd ground
With your light feet, in a fantaſtick round,
Lads joyntly joyne your hands, whilſt y'are to greet
Flaminius, we'l joyne our meaſur'd feet.

THE SECOND BOOKE Of the CYPRIAN ACADEMY.

AS the Sea (that great Regiment of waters) cannot bee quartered in the cloyſter of a ſlender nut, no, neither could the minde of the moſt renowned, and moſt worthy to be moſt renowned *Flaminius* bee included or recluſed in that ſmall locall compaſſe which circumſcribed his body, but it continually made its tranſcurſians and progreſſes abroad, to finde out and enjoy knowledge (its moſt optable object) though under remote regions, he was willing once more to leave his indulgent parents (whoſe lives were bound up in his welfare) and his ſelfe-ſufficient country (though wee eſteeme it difficient without him) that he might ratifie his judgement, and enrich his head with variety of knowledge, and leave fame for a patrimony to his poſterity.

Now the Saylors have drunke their parting cups, *vocat jam carbaſus auras*; Now *Flaminius* is ready to ſteere his courſe towards the white foreſt the land of fortune *Albion*, wee will uſher him to his ſhip with this *vale*,

Farewell *Flaminius*, ſo ſmoothly ſweep
The glaſſy face of the becalmed deep,
Devide the ſtreames, let thy guilt brag out brave
The prouder billowes, cleave each yeilding wave,
Out-ſtrip the tide, and with your painted oares
Stout Saylors, glide along the moving ſhores.
Kind *Neptune* claime the winds, let not them jarre
Commencing with the bubling tide, a warre.

Now the ſpreading ſayles are hoyſted up, now the Anchors are way'd, and the wind alſo the part of a dutifull and obſervant ſervingman, waiting juſt behind him, and filling the ſwelling caves with proſperous gales, the cloath ſwel'd and grew proud of *Flaminius* preſence, and the ſea danced to receive him, and the winde ſweetly kiſt the waters whiſpering new joyes to inrich'd *Theris*, who had now quite forgotten to bee colerick wiſht ſhe bore *Flaminius*, he ſoone left the leſſened land behind him and gentle *Neptune* afforded him ſuch a favorable tranſmarian voyage, as hee with more then ordinary celerity diſcovered *Dover*, where hee landed but not lazed, for hee no ſooner left admiring at the laudable beauty of the Iſland, (which was then fluoriſhing, encoying a well ſetled and a happy peace under an unuſurped Governement) but he repaired to the Metropolitan City, *Albions* imperiall chamber, Troy-novant.

Rich Britain's unexchauſted treaſury,
Illuſtrious Englands large Epitomie,
By lib'rall nature ſtor'd with what belong
To ſtate, for beauty brave, for warfare ſtrong,
Refulgent *Titan* who ſurveigheth all
Structures contained in the maſſy ball
Ne're ſaw the like——As Cypres-trees excells
The humble ſhrub in loftineſſe and ſmell:
As faireſt Lillies, clad in hoary pluſh

Exceede

Exceed the fruitleſſe, wither'd bramble buſh:
As the ſprings glory (the red Roſe) exceed
In beauty, and in ſent, the fouleſt weeed:
Or as the fertile tree whoſe Laden boughes
With varniſh pride crownes jolly Autumes browes
Tranſcend the Idle ſhrub: ſo you in worth
Surpaſſe the edifices of the earth.
As *Cæſars* courts ſurmount *Amyntas* cells:
So neighbouring republiques yours excells.
The Silver Thames whoſe bed have alwayes been
Made at thy feet, of rivers is the Queene,
Her Barges ſtanding in even placed rowes
Like to a watry wilderneſſe ſhee ſhowes.
The Nerean goddeſſe twice each naturall day
Comes foureſcore thouſand paces off to pay
The tribute, whom precedent times did call
Great *Troy-novant* polyanthropicall,
Ring out Bow bells, proclaime your joyes aloud,
People embrace the ſmothering throng and croud,
To view *Flaminius*, *Euphroſyne*
Right goddeſſe of free mirth come lead with the
The frolick mountaine Nymph faire liberty.
Attended on by youthfull lollity,
And let your bonfires ſmoake aſſpire ſo high.
As if you meant with earth to ſing the skie.
Let ſweet *Bellonius* muſick, and the voyce
Of Cannons ſing (in a loud baſe) your joyes.

In this City his eyes made his mind know what power heavenly beauty had to throw it downe to helliſh agonies, he ſpied the beauteous *Clorinda* walking in a checkerd garden among thoſe flowers which contended for breauty to recreate her, and were ambitious which ſhould be faireſt becauſe juſt like to her, who was thrice fairer then the faireſt, *Flaminious* ſteps could find no further ground, but here he caſt anchor, and became in-

amoured of *Clorinda*, A Lady every way as rarely accompliſhed with vertues becoming a woman, as he was with graces adorning a man, ſhe was borne in the metropolitan of beauties dominion, in complection a pure ſanguine, in condition a perfect Saint, either her exterior feature, or inferiour faculties did captivate all beholders, for vertue tooke as much paines to adorne the one, as nature did to compleate the other.

Vt Sol in Cœlis; ut Lux in ſole videtur:
Virtus in vultu ſic habitare ſuo,
Spectator quicunque venit, diſcedit amator
Aut illum virtus, aut ſua forma capit.

As Sol in heaven, as light in Sol abide:
So vertue in Clorinda doe reſide,
Who comes to view her ere he goes will love,
Her vertue, or her beauty will him move.

As the Tartarian plant *Boxaneth* grows up in the viſible forme of a Lambe, and inſenſibly eats up all the graſſe round about it, ſo did ſhe by an intrinſique kind of magick ſubiugate all hearts to her eyes. There wanted nothing in this Angell, that nature might add for perfection, or fortune beſtow for wealth, or that the Gods at any time confer upon mortalls, the greateſt raritie that the world could ſhew was her beauty, though the leaſt thing that might be encomionized in her was her beauty.

Bien que le corps ſoit bean l'ame eſt encore plus belle, her faire body was but a fair Inne of a far fairer gueſt within, an excellent Cabinet of an incomperable jewell, the gifts of her minde did as far tranſcend the perfection of her face, as that did the beauty of the reſt of the Ladyes of the court, among whom ſhe ſhewed like a ſilver dove trooping with rowes, or like Cynthia among the leſſer

ſtarres

ſtars, or like the diſcoloured tulip among weeds or like *Jo* among the reſt of *Argus* herd. In a word let the curious hand of art extract from all vertues and graces an Elixer, or perfect quinteſſence of perfection & it will appear but the picture of her; for to fill this treatiſe with elogies of her, were to put Hercules ſhoe upon an Infants foot, to clap *Bucephalus* ſaddle upon a Spaniſh Ginnet, or lay *Atlas* burthen upon a childs ſhoulders, or to emptie the ſea into a pond.

One looke of this Paragon of the terreſtiall paradiſe ſtruck *Flaminius* into a fever, and fyred him with her love, the exorbitant flames whereof he could neither ſuppreſſe, nor conceale.

——*Quis enim celaverit ignem*
Lumine qui ſemper proditur ipſe ſuo.

Who can the ardent fire of Love conceale?
Which by its owne light doth it ſelfe reveale.

To this end the Poets painted *Minerva* the *Hieroglyphick* of wiſdome vailed, to ſignifie that wiſdome may be covered, and recluſed, but *Cupid* the character of affection they portraitured naked, to inſinuate that Love is not to be over canopied, but theſe are the petulancies of Poets.

To our taske, his paſſions cannot be written of mee with out flouds of teares, (which would wet the paper, and obliterate the relation) nor read of you without griefe: he obſerved the place of her recreation, where ſhe would walke alone, and thether would he repaire, eſteeming the place happy, yea, and holy too, which had contained ſo ſoveraigne a beauty, one night among the reſt in a ſad fit of Paſſion, (as if his ſoule had beene gone upon ſome errand, and left his corps in a paune till its returne,) hee gave way to his imaginations to

ruminate upon that which permitted him not to ſleep, and theſe, or ſuch like were his meditations, *Alas Flaminius*, what magick, what pyromancie, what enchantment is inſhrined in the ancles of *Clorinda's* eyes that have this influence upon the heart? why ſhouldſt thou annihilate thy ſelfe, & pine, and dy for beauty, a guilded nothing, a roſe can ſhew more vermilion then a Ladyes cheeke, a Lilly boaſt a richer white then her hand, alas a wife is but a faire affliction, 'tis true the diſeaſe of love is impatient, the deſire extreame, whoſe aſſaults the wiſe can neither oppugne by policie, or the valiant by proweſſe; its the epidemicall egritude of mortalls, and the beſt mallady in the world when it infects two together, but herein conſiſts thy infelicity in affecting a Lady whom thou art no more like to obtaine then the Wolfe to drinke up the Moon, or the Gyants to diſmount *Jupiter*.

Thinkeſt thou that thou art caught alone with the bait of her Atheriall beauty, can an old hee goat bee without a beard, a leud uſerer without full baggs, a *Venus* without a temple, or a faire Lady without a Lover.

Can the *Albion* court afford never a votary to thy Saint.

——— *Quæ ditiſſima forma*
Mille procis placuit ———
Whoſe feature thouſands doe invite
To admire, and delight.

Will the Partridge let the ripe eares of corne ſtand for the ſparrow, will the cat let the crummes lie for the Mouſe, or Engliſh Lords bequeath beauty to an Italian; no no, expire rather with a private ſcar then publique ſhame, if thy Lady never lov'd any ſhe will not know how to affect thee, if any, ſhee will not leave them for thee. But courage *Flaminius*.

Timidi

Timidi nunquam ſtatuere tropheam.
covard aimant n'ent ou ny 'aura beile amye.

Faint heart never won faire Lady, will you then looſe the day before you begin the battell, will you conclude your ſelfe conquered before the conflict, will you caſt downe your ſhield before your ſword breake, Maſtifes fawne when they are fed, Tygers ſtoope when they bee tickled, *Bucephalus* wil proſtrate himſelfe to bee carried, and women yeild when they be courted, caſt anchor here then *Flaminius*, what needſt thou,

Per ſaxa per Ignes.

By *Scilla* and *Charybdis*, ſea, and land,
By Rocks, and ſhelves, heapes of moving ſands,

Run to rifle the Eaſterne ſhore, when thon maiſt behold farre more precious diamonds in her eyes, why ſhouldſt thou,

Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum.

By Marine toyles
And Martiall broyles.

Steere thy courſe to *Tyre* for purple when thou maiſt find freſher in her ruddy cheeke.

To what end ſhouldſt thou dig *Peru* for that Ore which thou ſhalt finde excell'd by her golden haire, why ſhouldſt thou ranſack the rocky Licilian Sea for Corall, when thon maiſt enjoy it on her ruby lips? why ſhouldſt thou ſeeke for Ivory in *Africa* when thou maiſt finde it upon her hands? what needſt thou toyle in *India* for gummes when ſhee can breath a more redolent *Diapaſma*? or run to *Arabia* to heare the Phenix ſing when her voyce makes a far more melodious *Diapaſon*?

Flaminius

Flaminius had of his acquaintance *Griſonus* an *Italian* who became his ſpokeſman to *Diaphoro* (his Ladyes Guardian)to obtaine for him admiſſion in this manner.

Diaphoro, the intimacy that hath been alwaies between us ſince the firſt taſte of our acquaintance, have emboul-dened me in behalf of a noble Lord of my own country, to ſolicite your councell and aſſiſtance in a buſineſſe of grand importance: his name is *Flaminius* of whoſe perſõ vertue her ſelfe is proud of ſo great patrimony, & of ſo comely perſonage, that it is dubitable whether hee bee more indebted to nature for the lineaments of his per-ſon , or to Fortune for the encreaſe of his poſſeſſions, he is of a quick inventive and penetrating capacity, without ſpot of moroſity, or colour, hee is *aliquis in omnibus*, fraught with all kinde of ſcientificall know-ledge, if you aske what countryman he is ? I may rather ſay, what country man is he not ? he is *Cives mundi*,a Citizen of the world, having with the ſun (his fellow traveller) ſurvey'd moſt of habitable and hoſpitable re-gions, & in his travells being arrived in this happy kin-dome,and come to this magnificent City, that power-full dietie Love, which have enkindled the hearts of mightyeſt monarches with the beautifull lineaments of roſie cheek't Ladies, at this time have manifeſted its ſo-veraignety over him, who is taken in the ſnare of *Clo-rinda's* love, and fetered with the chaine of affection.

The countleſſe griefes which day and night he indures may be as perſwaſive orators to moove any pittifull na-ture to favour him, he doubts not of ſucceſſe, had he but acceſſe , which if you ſhall pleaſe to procure him, you ſhall bind together with me to your ſelf this noble Lord in the moſt corroborated limitts of trueſt *affections*.

Diaphoro replyed, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the Enco-mions of your Lord, you might have remembred the ſoundneſſe of judgement, which I perceive and applaud in his choyce of *Clorinda*, a Lady adorned with ſingular beauty

beauty and chaſtity, excelling in the one *Venus*, in the other *Veſta*. *Zeuxis*, having before him fifty of the moſt eminent beauties of *Sparta* to include all their perfections in the ſimulachre of one amiable *Venus*, ſaid that fifty more of more excellent beauty then thoſe would not adminiſter ſufficient beauty to ſhaddow the goddeſſe of beauty by; in the like manner it fareth with me, who diſpaire by art to ſhaddow *Clorinda* (to whom the reſt of her ſex ſerve but as foyles) or by imagination to comprehend her. I may ſay, and that without a ſolæciſme that truth her ſelfe might be her *Panegyriſt* and yet continue naked. If I doe any acceptable ſervice to *Flaminius* that might conduce to his obtaining her, eſteeme it but the ſhadow of what I deſire to doe, in the meane time let me crave your ſociety together with *Flaminius* at a ſlender meale at my houſe at night, not for the cates which you ſhall finde, but for your company which I fancy, what want in coſt ſhall exceed in courteſie, and welcome ſhall be as great as your cheere little.

Griſonus (after due thankes returned) departed from *Diaphoro* to certifie *Flaminius* his friendſhip, who now call'd upon *Phœbus* to whip on his lazie teame, and precipitate headlong to the weſt: which done hee repaired to *Diophoro's* houſe, where we will cover with a vaile of ſilence the entertainement (which was royall) though *Flaminius* beſt diſh was the beauty of *Clorinda*, and *Clorinda's* the perſonage of *Flaminius*, ſo that they were both caught in one net, and both ſtrucke with the ſame dart, & before *Phœbus* was ten times brought abed, their ſoules were knitt in an intire union, and their hearts lodg'd in eithers breſt, but O the Remora's, and obſtacles that obvaricate a lovers progreſſe, O the triſtfull caſualties, the dolorous accidents, the ſad contingencies that waite upon an amoriſt, for no ſooner was loves ſacred jubile proclaimed by theſe new lovers, but a corrivall muſt ſtep in to eclipſe their joyes.

The

The glorious ſun exhales the noyſome vapours of the earth, and the ſhining jet drawes to it the contemptable ſtraw, and the rare beauty of *Clorinda*, (that loadſtone of love) attracted the heart of *Vernar* and layd it proſtrate at her feet.

To give a character of *Vernar*, he would have made a fit ſtandard-bearer for that gigantick troop that bad *Jove* battell, and beſieg'd the gods.

He halfe in deſpaire becauſe of *Flaminius* and halfe in hope becauſe of *Decia Diaphoro's* Lady, (whom he inſerted in read letters, in the catalogue of his beſt friends) tooke his way to *Chelſey* to *Diaphoro's* houſe, where he found *Clorinda* ſitting in a coole arbour thatcht with ſucklings, and guarded by the enamoured chirping wood quire, which came thither to adore her (who could ſhew more graces then there be ſands in the glaſſe of time,) She ſat upon a banck of Lillies which grew pale to ſee themſelves excell'd in whiteneſſe by her faire hand, the arbour was lined within with Roſes, which bluſhed themſelves into a freſher cornation to aſſimulate her cheekes, the pavement was of purple violets and other redolent flowres which could boſt no ſweetneſſe, but what they derived from her, by the entrance of this arbour ran a ſilver ſtreame which with its bubling oratory did court the ſhore to dam up the torrent, that it might ſtand ſtill to behold *Clorinda*, but being deny'd, it went murmuring away. The Nymphs and freſhwater *Syrens* danc't, and the aeriall ſpheares laid a ſide their melodious lutes to liſſen whilſts *Clorinda* gave an aire to theſe more charming notes.

SONG.

1.

Firſt ſhall the Bee abhor the ſmell
of *Hybla's* fragrant boure,

And ſeaſe her thigh with balme to ſwell?
Suckt from each ſpicy flower.

2.

Firſt ſhall the chaſteſt turtle dove
Forget to bill, and fly
From her owne mate, and emblem prove
of loath'd inconſtancy.

3.

Firſt *Pan* ſhall make a loving league
betwixt the wolfes, and ſheep
Firſt ſhall the hen her broode bequeath
unto the Kite to keepe.

4.

Firſt ſhall the huge Leviathan
abide i'th ſea no more,
But come to ſport with active man
upon the parched ſhore.

5.

Firſt ſhall the Lyon weary be.
of ſolitary woods,
And skip into the frighted ſea
to wanton in the flouds.

6.

Firſt North with South its place ſhall change
Orient with Weſt ſhake hand,
Firſt ſteadfaſt earth ſhall move, and range,
and ayre fixed ſtand.

7.

Firſt ſpangled heaven below ſhall ly
and ſable hell above,
Ere unto my *Flaminius* I
falſe or unconſtant prove.

8.

Firſt ſhall my aſhes paſſe the fire
and cloyſter'd ly in urne,
Ere my affections expire
or loves flame ceaſe to burne.

9.

Love with my body ſhall not end
that ne're ſhall faile, or fade,
But ſhall upon my ſoule attend
into the *Sacred ſhade*.

Her Song ended; *Vernar* ſtept to her and thus ſpoke, *Divine Madam*, (Divine I call you becauſe like a dieſied goddeſſe you monarchize over my affections) the rare Idea of your beauteous portraiture, and ſupereminent accomodations have ſo fired my heart, that nothing but your propitious aſpect can ſave me from becomeing loves abject.

Since every part of you is deck't with ſome particular ornament, your face with etheriall beauty, your head with celeſtiall wiſdome, your eyes with awfull majeſty, and lovely lenity, make alſo your heart the throne of tender pitty, being the moſt excellent rayment, of the moſt excellent part.

The luſtre of your reſplendent eyes have kindled thoſe fires which nothing but the ſhowres of your mercie can mitigate, yon have wounded one, you onely can heale me, like *Achilles* his lance you have as well a medicinall as a vulnerating vertue, the knife can as well ſpread a plaiſter as make a wound, and you can as well happifie me with your love, as pine me for your goodliking.

Let not *Flaminius* (whoſe life is a meere blanck wherein brave actions ſhall never be inſcribed for the militant of poſteritie) enjoy what I ſue for, Let not that ſtragling ſtranger, who is enamoured of every new face he beholds, enjoy you the glory of women, of men the only admiration, ſhall that loathed Iſſue of his fathers loynes, that ſlander of his mothers heavy womb, that rage of honour poſſeſſe that which love *ſick-Albion* Lords have ſued for in vaine?

Modeſtie

Modeſtie made in *Clorinda's* bluſhing cheekes, a freſh bed of corall, whilſt ſhe heard *Flaminius* (the mirrour of magnanimity and true patron of proweſſe, and chivallrie, thus reviled, and though theſe petulant expreſſions might well have ſturd up anger, yet his deportment did rather breed diſdaine in *Clorinda*, who thus replied.

If you knew how much your diſcourſe diſpleaſeth me, and how little it is like to profit you, you would eſteem your time as vainly loſt in purſuing your taske, as I account it over long untill you end it, and thoſe flames of affection which you pretend ſhall ſooner burn your heartto a cole, then enkindle mine with a reciprocall ardour.

Clorinda having given *Vernar* this bittter pill to ſwallow left him in diſpaire, and repaired to *Diaphoro*, and *Delia*, as ſhe walked the flowres did ambitiouſly croud themſelves into love-nets to entangle her feet, and kiſſe them, and detaine them priſoners in their amorous ſtalkes, the Daffadillies wept when ſhe removed and the Tulip call'd all it's bloud into it's cheekes to cou t her, ſtay, Being come to *Diaphoro* and *Delia*, ſhe ſaid,

As I was ſhrouding my ſelfe in a coole arbour, from the ſoultry rayes of the ſcorching ſun, *Vernar* (the trueſt hyerogliphick of inſolence) intruded, diſtill'd his lovelick paſſions into my loathing eares, and ſo reviled heroick *Flaminius*, with contemptible provocations as would whet any cowards ſword to carve out the reveng of his reputation, Nay had it been ſpoke of a diſceaſed Hero, the inraged ſpirit in pitty of the aſhes ſo prophaned, would nimbly lift up the ſweating marble, and leap into the wronged duſt, which being now new animated would become 'its owne revenger.

Diaphoro and *Delia* anſwered,

We grieve that *Vernar* ſhould ſay any thing that ſhould

ſhould produce your diſpleaſure, but doubtleſſe if you would pleaſe to bleſſe his ſuit with your good liking, it would extreamly conduce to your friends contentment.

Clorinda coyned this reply.

The torrent of my affections ran in another chanel, *Alexander* would have no man ingrave him in precious ſtone but *Pergotales*, and I will have my picture imprinted in the heart of no man but *Flaminius*, the *Peacock* is a bird for none but *Juno*, The Dove for none but *Veſta*, none might weare *Venus* in a table beſides *Alexander*, nor *Pallas* in a ring but *Ulyſſes*, as there is but *Phœnix* in the world, ſo there is but one tree in *Arabia* called *Raſin* that ſhe will build in, & as there is but one *Clorinda* to be heard of, ſo there is but one *Flaminius* that ſhe will like of.

And let the inconvenience of forced watches be demonſtrated in this Tragedy which I have oft heard *Flaminius* relate, (*viz*,)

There fled in *France* ſome hundred and odd yeares ſince one Captain *Coucy* as gallant a Gentleman as thoſe times afforded, if fortune had been as intentive to augment his poſſeſſions, as nature was to compleat his perſon, he was toſt iu *Cupids* blanket, and became ſervant to a gentlewoman from whom he received a paritie of affection, which newes no ſooner arrived at her Parents eares, But they (to croſſe her former intention) hudled up a conſtrained marriage, betweene her and one *Monſieur Faiel*, one whoſe wealth was more grave and weighty then his wit, and who had rather a mine of gold, then a golden mind, though his purſe did guild his infirmities, and his purſe compounded for his folly. Captaine *Coucy* (having an army of paſſions, for his convoy in diſcontent quitted *France*, and became a Commander in the warrs of *Hungary* againſt the Turke, where he receivd his imnedicable wound not far remote

from

from *Buda*, being convaied to his Aſylum, hee lingered and ſtrugled with death ſome few dayes, and not long before he expired, he calld to him one of his *Veteran ſoldiers*, and ſervants, of whoſe fidelitie he had formerly received ſufficient evidence, he told him he had a buſineſſe of grand importance to impart unto him, which he conjured him punctually to performe, which was, that after his ſoule had left his pined body, he ſhould cauſe his corps to be ript open, and then take his heart out of his breſt, and recluſe it in an earthen pot, to be bak't to powder, then to incloſe the powder in a ſmall box together with that bracelet of Madamoiſella *Failes*. haire, which had a long time entwin'd his left wriſt, and with them a note which he had written to her with his owne bloud, and after he had cloyſterd his carkaſſe in the bowels of his mother earth, to repaire with all expedition to France, and preſent that box to *Madamoiſella Faiel's* fair hand, This direction led the old Servant by the hand, who having fullfill'd the former command (this being the laſt importunitie that he had left to expreſſe his duty to his Maſter) his haſty feet devoured the way to *Paris*, where comming to doe his errand *Faiel* interrupted his paſſage, and queſtioned him becauſe he was aſſuredly certified he was *Coucy's* man, and finding his faultering tongue to let fall ſome unadviſed ſlips, he and his Servants ranſackt him, and interrupted the box with the note which diſcoverd what was therein contained, he diſmiſſed the bearer with threats, and menaces.

And delivered the powder to his cooke, adviſing him to make a little well relliſhed diſh of it, without waſting a duſt of it, for it was a deare and precious relick, and and conjured him to ſerve it in himſelfe after the laſt cours at Supper, which being done *Faiel* commanded all the waitors to abſent themſelves and enterd into a ſerious diſcourſe with his wife, how ever ſines their

nuptiall's

nuptialls he obſerved ſhe did indulge too much melancholy, and leaſt it ſhould bring her into a conſumption, he had compoſed that approved cordiall, there upon he importuned her to eate up the whole diſh, and after much perſwading to declare what it was, he tould her ſhe had eaten *Coucy's* heart, and ſo drew forth the box; and preſented her with the note, and the bracelet, ſhe (loſt in amazement) in a ſud lain exultation of joy, with a deep ſigh ſayd, *This is a precious cordial indeed*, and ſo lick't the diſh, affirming *It is ſo precious that it's pitty ever to put any meat upon it*, from this her repaſt ſhe went to her repoſe, and as ſoone as the morning began to draw dew from the faireſt greenes to waſh her face withall againſt the approach of her gliſtring lover, ſhe was found dead in her bead. Worſe ſucceſſe attended the inauſpicous forced match of *Ægyptus* 50. Sonnes to *Danaus* Daughters, who all (but one) made their bridall beds ſtages, whereon they acted their husbands tragedies, what inference may be drawn from all this conference but the inconvenience and miſery of compelled marriages, to prevent ſuch ſad events my owne choyce ſhall procure my good liking; the chariot of the Sun is for *Phœbus*, not for *Phaeton*, *Seianus* his horſe will thrive with none but his Maſter, nor will the *Toloſonian* gold inrich *Cepio's* coffers, none can ſound *Mercuries* pipe but *Orpheus*, non can unfold the *Sphinx* his riddle but *Oedipus*, none but *Laertes* his ofspring can rob *Pallas* of her Troyſaving *Palladium*, *Venus* delights to heare none but *Mercurie*, and *Clorinda*, to love none but *Flaminius*.

This her diſcourſe was ſo full of rapture, that they only began to be ſorry when ſhe did end her ſpeech, and wiſht (in wonder) that ſhe held it leſſe vaine glory to talke much, then they did pennance to give audience to her dulciloquie.

But let us returne to *Vernar*.

How

Now miſchiefe began to unmaske her ſelfe, and take a pride to grow terrible, for he (ſeeing himſelfe ſlighted) turned his love into loathing, and the heate of his affection into the height of malice, he repayred to, *Flaminius* and ſaid.

Sir, *Bombar* interpoſed betwixt *Clorinda* and your ſelfe and have eclipſed her affection from ſhining upon you, alas, your Lady plays faſt and looſe with you, her love is like a *Gypſies* knot, in one gale ſhe both hoyſt ſayled,& waighed anchor, in one wind ſhe ſounded both an alarum, and a parly, pretending nothing more, intending nothing leſſe, then to love you, her tongue is furniſhed with fauning affection, as a Haberdaſhers ſhop with new faſhions, and her heart is ſtuft with fraud as an uſurers cloſſet with parchment bonds.

As in Logick there be *Ariſtotelis Periherminias* as well as his intricate queſtions, in the realitie of *numerus*, as in Ethicks his *magna moralia* as well as his *Nichomacha*, as in muſick there is a diateſſaron, as well as a *paralambanominion*; as in *Geometry* there be oblique lines as well as right: an *Iſoperimetris* as well as a dedocathedron, an *Iſoſieles* as well as an *ambligonium*, as in *Retorick* there be *Schemes*, and *tropes*, as well as pronuntiation: as in Grammer be *Hetreroclitans*, as well as perfect nownes; as in phyſick be the colon as well a the Arteries: as in *Geographie* there is a *Terra incognita* periwig'd over with *Ptolemies Delphuego*, as well as the know parts of the temperate *Zone*; ſo in women there be falſe intentions as wel as falſe conceptions, the herb Moly hath a flowre as whit as ſnow, and a roote as black as Inke, ſo hath *Clorinda* a faire tongue as falſe heart, *tout ce qui luit n' eſt pas or*, all is not gold that gliſtereth, thou knoweſt not what bitter poyſon I'le in ſweet words, *aux mots, & non aux mots, il faut juger d' le' home*, a good archer is judged of by his aime, not his arrow, and a true friend knowne ~~but~~ by performances not proteſtations.

Toute chair n' eſt pas venaiſon all fleſh is not veniſon, nor every tale true, ſtraight trees have crooked rootes, ſmooth baites ſharp hookes, & a honied tongue a heart of gall, the fairer the ſtone be in the toades head, the more peſtilent is the poyſon in her bowels, and your Ladies talke the more it is ſeaſoned with fine phraſes the leſſe it favouerth of true meaning, there is nothing more ſmooth then glaſſe, yet nothing more brittle, nothing more faire then ſnow yet nothing leſſe firme, nothing more beautifull then a woman yet nothing more fickle.

Flaminius breaking his long kept ſilence ſaid,

I ſhall never take joy of this life, if I may not enjoy her, for whoſe ſake I joy principally to have life, but to what end is this ſuppoſition? if other women be brickle as glaſſes, my *Clorinda* ſtands a rock of *Parian* marble, firme and ſure, the cryſtall ſhall be tainted, the Emerlin ſpotted, and rude feet ſhall profane the galaxia, *Leda's windes* ſhall forſake their orbes, or *Serpentarius* diſert his ſmall fry of twiniſling ſtarrs, or *Lucidelyra* deteſt her ſelfe of her refulgent beauty, or *Bootes* ceaſe to drive on *Charles* wain, ere I'le harbour dishonourable thoughts of *Clorinda*, A *Titan* though curtained with clouds yet in time diſſipates the congealed vapours, and gets the victory, and diſſolves thoſe vailes into thinniſſe, & ſo to nothing; ſo ſhall *Clorinda* theſe aſperſions.

Should you faigne the Elephant to chuſe the Mouſe for her companion (which all men know ſhe feares) ſhould you forge the Lyon to be delighted with the crowing of a cock, or the load ſtone to embrace *Theamides*, or the Bee to build in the tree Alpina, when no man is ignorant but ſhe, (either ſuſpecting it to be venemous, or miſliking it becauſe it is ſo gorgious) allwayes ſhun it, who would extoll you for a naturaliſt that affirme things ſo unnaturall, more abſurd is it to accuſe *Clorinda* to become *Helena*, whom ſhe excells as well in beauty as in chaſtitie.

Now

Now *Flaminius* (uſher'd by affection, and attended on by feare) departed from him, and directed his ſteps towards *Chelſey*, in the way he met *Bombar*, *Diaphoro's*, brother, whom he (miſinformed) looked upon with narrow eyes, becauſe he eſteemed him ready to enjoy the perfection of his deſires.

But when *Flaminius* heard how *Vernar* reviled him, and accuſed falſly his conſtant *Clorinda*, with very anger at his inſolence his eyes waxed bloud ſhot, and his forehead was furrowed with ſo fearefull a frowne as all the beholders trembled at the terrible aſpect of his bunched brow, which notwithſtanding was but the ſhaddow of his hearts impatience, choller choaked up the mouth of his voyces organ, ſo as he was unable for a time, to render any reply, but as ſoone as he had recollected himſelfe he ſent him this deſire, *Impious Vernar*, Though you have practiſed villianie from your cradle, and ſuck't more miſchiefe then milke from your hated dug, & hitherto ſcaped ſcot-free, yet now retaine a mortall chalenge from my arme, which glories to oppugne ſo foule a cauſe, I ſhall expect you in *Hide Parke*, as ſoon as the cleere *Aurora* be riſen out of the armes of *Titan* that I may ſee what complection thy heart beares, and that thy body may be offer'd up for a breakefaſt to the Crowes by

Your irreconſileable Antagoniſt

FLAMINIUS.

Vernar accepted the challenge and ſent this retort,

More (*Impious Flaminius*,) not dreading thy menaces I doubt not to carve thy body into ſteakes, and diſtribute it to the plumed ſpectators of thy tragedy, for the world ſhall ſooner want adventures, then the courage to undertake them, who ſtiles himſelfe,

Your utter enemie

A little before the time of combate, a Lady call'd the ſage *Artimaga* came to *Flaminius* propheſied his victory, and preſented him with a ſtrong armour, more gorgeous then the *Vulcan* framed armour of *Æneas* fetcht from the *Cyclops* forge, by the *Pampian* goddeſſe *Cytherea*, when ſhe ſought for her ſons ſafegard from the fury of *Rutilian Turnus*, fighting for a Kingdome and his love *Lavinia*, this armour *Clorinda* beautified with Locks of her golden haire, which was faſtned to his creſt, and obumbrated his Corſlet dangling downe in ſmall braides, tied up in Lovers knotts with ſilver ribands, the armour was of a ſea-green colour with rocks, and ſands of gold, his device upon his ſheild was the jmages of the chaſt and conſtant *Penelope*, and his Lady *Clorinda* in ſilver, with their hands joyned, his impreſſe was.

Eſt vunum velle duobus.
Clorinda and *Penelope*
The colum's are of conſtancie.

The colour of his horſe was milke white, but upon his breſt and croop he was dapl d with red ſtaines, as when a white Tulip is ſtreakt with red, or a few ſtrawberies ſcatterd in a meſſe of creame, he was fiery and of a goodly proportioned greatneſſe, his haſty hooſes ſcorned the earth, and he ſent proud challenges in his loud dialect to his enemie.

Now *Clorinda*, *Diaphoro* and *Delia*, *Griſonus*, *Bombar*, *Artimaga*, *Florian*, *Doriſto*, and others uſhered *Flaminius* into the feild with this ſong.

SONG.

Armes and honours deck thy Story
To thy fames immortall glory,
Adverſe fortune ever fly the,

No

No diſaſterous fate come nigh the,
Proſper ſtill in martiall courſes
Proſper ſtill in arts and forces,
Bright victory
Attend the nigh,
Whilſt ſpreading fame
Reſound thy name
And Blaſon forth
Thy mighty worth.
Juſt *Aſtræa* whom *Poets* ſay
From wicked earth is fled away,
And in the bandrike haſt thy ſeate
To make the Zadiack compleat,
Once more from thy bright throne deſcend
Thy owne ſtout Champion to defend,
Sheild him from harme
Strengthen his arme,
Kind *Mars* come downe
And his head crowne
With wreaths of palme,
Then myrh, and balme
Sweet inſence, with the Cypreſſe tree,
And *Caſſia* ſhall flame to the,
And Th' Magpie, and the Woolfe which be
Devoted to thy dietie,
Ride on truths champion, and goe
Aſſured thy haughty foe,
Shall fall like Sparrowes 'fore a halke
Thou ore his ſpoyles ſhalt boldy walke,
Bright victory
Attend the nigh,
Whilſt ſpreading fame
Reſound thy name
And Blazon forth
Thy mighty worth.

Flaminius waited not long before *Vernar* appeared gallantly mounted upon a bay browne courſier, full of black ſpots, his forehead marked with a white ſtarr, to which in his whole body there was not any part anſwerable but the left foot behind, his armour was rich and gorgious of a skie colour full of ſtarrs of gold, he bore in his ſheild the effigies of *Caſſandra* the propheticall daughter of *Priamus* in ſilver, with this word *Mentiri non eſt meum*, Its not my part to lye.

Flaminius (who affected not warr, but in cauſe of neceſſity, alwayes peace, but with honourable conditions) before he would extort from *Vernar* a forced confeſſion of injurie done to *Clorinda*, he went about firſt like a flexanimous Oratour to exhort him to it, Should you Sir *Vernar* accuſe *Helena* of falcifying her conjugall truſt, it had been but to tell over a tale that is already told, this accuſation had been warrantable by tradition, but to charge *Clorinda* with inconſtancy, nay to think ſuch a thought of her (whoſe beauty bewray her to be *Venus*, but that ſhe excell her in chaſtitie, and whoſe continence ſpeakes her to be *Diana*, but that ſhe ſtaines her beauty,) were intollerable impudence, to ſpeake ſuch a word flat impiety, and to affirme it with oathes inexpiable injury.

Or had *Nullifidius* whom no man will credit reported this it had not been worth my anſwering, or her regarding, but that you *Vernar* who was ſometimes of her intimate acquaintance (being *Deli'as* friend) Though as it is now evident a diſſembling *Sycophant*, for you to relate this, others beleeve it, ſhe ſtomaches it, and I'le revenge it, I had better take a bliſter of a nettle, then a prick of a roſe, I am more willing that a Raven ſhould pick out my eyes, then a Turtle pick at them, to dye of the food one affecteth not is better then to ſurfet of that one delighteth in, I am of *Scipi'os* mind who had rather that *Hanibal* ſhould eat his heart with ſalt then

Lælius grieve it with diſcurtiſie, or of the ſame with *Lælius* who choſe rather to be ſlaine of the *Spaniards* then ſuſpected of *Scipio*, I had rather an enemy ſhould beate me, then a friend belye me, rather that an *Antagoniſt* ſhould ſlay me, then one of acquaintance ſlander me.

Vernar replyed,

We come not hither to debate, but to combate, not to prate but to præleate, not to cavill but to duel, not to jeſt *but to juſt*, wherefore (having turned their horſes) theſe champions met ſo furiouſly, That their ſhiver'd lances flew upwards, as if they challenged the skie before they falled on earth, never was game of death better playd, never did fury diſplay it ſelfe in greater bravery, never were *Hector* and *Achilles* better imitated or rather excell'd, never were ſwords guided by more skilfull hands, never were hands accommodated with more truſty ſwords, which like deep mouth'd Cannons battering downe by peace meale their armours, made many wide breaches for troopes of wounds to ruſh in at, Her's the *Trojan* warrs in *Epitome*, her's the battell of *Lepanto* acted in *Monomachy*, her's *Yorke* and *Lancaſter* fought over againe in a *Hippomachy*, her's the *Pharſalian* feild diſcrib'd in theſe liſts, her's the fight at *Canna* excelled in a duell.

Now the barriers blood began to chace ſweat from the full poſſeſſion of their outſides, for their armours bluſhed that they had defended their maſters no better, force againſt force, proweſſe againſt proweſſe were interchangibly encounter'd, as the fire the more its fed with fuell the more hungry its ſtill to devoure; ſo the more they did ſtrike the more unſatisfied they were with ſtriking; they ſharpned their ſharpe ſwords with hope of victory, their thick blowes lighting upon their well tempered ſhields, made the ayre to *Eccho* the noyſe whereof ſounded as many waters in their feirce com-

bates againſt ſome concave rock, by this time *Vernar's* body was ſcarified and broch't with ſo many wounds as his ſoule was in a doubt which way to get out at, but weakned with a prodigall effuſion of bloud (which he ſent to beſpeake him a grave) he fell to the earth, and feeling the prevayling point of *Flaminius* ſword at his wretched throate, he upon his knees confeſſed himſelfe vanquiſhed, and *Clorinda* ſlandered, in theſe words.

Redoubted *Flaminius* as fire is to gunpowder, ſo is ambition to the heart of man, which if it be touched with ſelfe-Love mounteth aloft, and never bendeth downeward, till it be turned into aſhes, I confeſſe my ſelfe to be a man whoſe eyes could not looke right upon any others happines, nor eares beare the burthen of any others praiſes, I knowing that each corner in the world rang of your praiſes, mine lits no mans mouth, this conſideration breeds antipatheticall difference, and diſcontent brought forth emulation, emulatiõ deſire of reveng, that engendred execution, of ſuch deſires, to further this deſigne I had a further deſigne, I conſidered that you were to be joyned in nuptiall bonds, to the incomparable Lady *Clorinda*, (whoſe beauty is ſo excellent, and her feature agreable in every lineament, her modeſtie ſo decent, and vertue apparent, that ſhe may be rightly ſtil'd the *Phœnix* for beauty, and moſt famous among Ladyes for bounty) and I betroathed to the deformed *Melena*, (who bare upon a ſoule carkaſſe a fair and rich wardrope, (which ſhe may be rather ſaid to carry, then enjoy,) whoſe beauty is borrowed more from art then nature, (it being now the common practice among ſuch decayed, and ſuperannuated faces, banquerouted by time, or accidents, to hide it from others eyes with art,, and from their owne with falſe glaſſes) by her perſwaſion (*O Proles nefanda, cerebri nefarij* O horrid conceipt of a wicked braine) by her inſtigation I did calumninate, as ſaſly as ſubtly the vertuous and chaſt *Clorinda*.

Flaminius who was as mercifull as magnanimous, as vertuous as valiant, as pittifull as powerfull, granted him his life, but *Vernar* whoſe uncontrouled ſpirit diſdained a life of almes, with his ponyard ſoone put an end to his owne dayes, over whom our conquerour triumphed.

Soone after this Victory *Amenides*, brother to *Clorinda* returned from travell, and now this *Hero* of a refined wit and rectified judgement, and *Flaminius* were linked together with a Gordian knot of friendſhip a fraturnall claime of fidelitie, which neither time by degreſſe could impaire, nor ſuſpitions infrienge, ſuch a love it was, as was betweene *Daman* and *Pythias*, and *Bylades* & *Oneſtes*, *Tytus* and *Gyſippus*, *Theſeus* and *Pyrithous*, *Scipio* and *Lælius*. But *Les peines importunes ne ſont volontiers loing de plus hautes tunes*, troubleſome paines be not (commonly) remote from the moſt perſpicuous fortunes.

As the lives of men, ſo their proſperity, run not upon a *Helirri* that ſtill enlargeth, but on a circle, which aving at the meridian, they decline in obſcurity, and fall under the center againe. *Il n'eſt de jour ſi clair qui n'ait quelque nuage*, the moſt glorious ſun rifings are ſubject to ſhaddowings, and droppings in, the freſheſt colours ſooneſt fadeth, the faireſt flowers ſooneſt withereth, the cleareſt day quickly clouds, black and white bee both commonly in one border, the ſweeteſt roſe is not without its ſharpe pricks, nor the faireſt velvet without its liſt, nor the moſt fortunate life without croſſes, the Bee beares honey in her thigh, but ſhe carries a ſting in her taile, the deceitfull Panther before the deſtruction of his eye-gazers, doth hide his head, and prepoſe his delectate skin to the enticement of other beaſts, the night is blackeſt a little before day, the winds ſtilleſt before a ſtorme, the ſun bleakeſt, hotteſt, before a ſhower, the deformed Porpiſces before the comming of ſome outragious

ragious tepmeſt are pleaſantly ſporting before the ſeamē and ſo did Lubricious fortune give *Flaminius* the forementioned victory, inventing to plunge him the deeper into miſery, this fickle dietie reſembles the ſunne, who by his heate ſcorcheth the graſſe of *Pelion*, which even now by his beames was vaniſhed, ſhe is like the monſter *Hylima*, in a moment ſhe can (*Proteus* like) change her ſelfe and grow variable, now ſhee tooke a pride to act both parts of her lubricity, and to croſſe *Flaminius* joyfulneſſe with this joyleſſe accident.

Soone after that time of the day when the higheſt mounted ſun make ſhorteſt ſhadowes, *Flaminius* for his wonted recreation accompanied *Amenides* and *Clorinda* into a pleaſant grove, which (through her preſence) appeared like the ſole Paradice of *Silvanus*, who had there planted many fragrant arbours for the recreating of his beauteous *Clorinda*, or the ſilent grove of *Caliſto*, wherein the enamoured *Jupiter* in likeneſſe of a wood Nymph did ſport with her, as they were here ambulatory there ruſhed in one *Flaminius* Fathers ſervants, all perboil'd in ſweat, with viſage pale as death, and this was his meſſage to *Flaminius*, (*viz.*) That his mother *Capricia* was lately arreſted by a violent fit of ſickneſſe at the ſuit of death, and being ready to pay the debt ſhe ow'd to nature, deſired that he might cloſe her eyes, theſe ſad tydings made *Flaminius* prepare,

Jam revocare gradum, patriaſque evadere ad oras.

To check his progreſſe, leave *Albion* ſtrand
And ſteere his courſe unto his native land.

By this time theſe ſad lovers have ſaid that ill faring word, farwell; they husbanded their imbraces, as children

dren doe their ſweet-meates as being loath to devour them too ſoone.

Flaminius accompanied with (his inſeperable companion) *Amenides* tooke ſhipping to *Dover*, the Sea received them with a ſmooth, and ſmiling face, and *Neptune* who had now learnt to fawne on Princes, bleſt them with a happy transfretation, *Capricia* ſoone after the ſight of her ſonne in an extaſis of joy expired, and *Pompilius* (unwilling to ſurvive ſo loving a wife, and willing becauſe the journey was darke, and melancholy to bear her cõpany to the *Elizian* groves) his heart began proudly to beat up the alarums of death, and hee alſo became a prey to the leane-chapt Monſter.

Now the triumphs intended for *Flaminius* arivall are turned into funeralls, now all eyes are glazed with teares ſtriving to deluge deeper then *Ducalions*, now the univerſal torrent of pearly drops have waſht away all mirth from that ſad, and lamentable world which is muffled up in the mourning cloakes of griefe, and confuſion.

Now the Honourable Senators and worthies of the gowne, are aſſembled to condole the maine engine of ſtate *Pompilius*, whoſe approved whighty constancie, and integrity as cleare as the noone day have cognomiz'd him the *Atlas* of the common wealth, and made him a fit ſubject unto theſe predicates, a plant, and planet of juſtice, a conſtellation of the former which have eternized him a perpetuall memory to poſterity, and have ſtampt ſo deepe an impreſſion, in the hearts of the ſurviving as no age ſhould obliterate, hee did eaſily triumph over ſmarting rancor, and having run and poſted over all the ſtages of his life, have edificated a memorable ſtatue, and trophie of his worth in the breaſts of all to whom no teſtification, or Epitaph can bee more precious. Now the courtly Ladies and grave Matrons are congregated to bewaile

bewaile the falling of this Cyprian ſtarre *Capricia* from their Zenith, whoſe loſſe even heaven might lament, did not heaven enjoy her.

Now the valiant Souldiers that might have daunted death himſelfe when they wore the colours of this their diſceaſed *Vice-Roy* in the field, with their drummes covered, pikes and teares trayled in a mournefull poſture, launces broken, inſignia and inſtruments of war reverſed proclaime their griefes, now all ſorts, the creame and the ſcumme of the people, not to fill their eyes but to employ them, and to inveſt themſelves in black for him whoſe purple they once adored, our muſe ſhall beare part in this lamentation, and ſadly weepe out this Elegie.

AN ELEGIE.

Hence, hence fond mirth, hence vaine deluding joyes,
Glee and alacritie, you be but toyes,
Goe gilded elves, love idle braine poſſeſſe
With fickle fancies, thick and numberleſſe,
Sorrow the ſubject of my ſong ſhall be.
My harpe ſhll chant my hearts anxietie,
Pompilius the great, (who did appeare
Arts Zodiack, valours Zenith, vertus Spheare)
And ſweet *Capricia*, (which all hearts did move,
In whom freſh beauty, charity, and love
Did claime a being) theſe ore all lands admir'd
That Sol's bright circle warmes, are both expir'd,
Thus the *Didimies* or twins did, whom fate
To one another did conglutinate,
Nature at one time both did animate,
Both lives at one time did evaporate.
Bright Car of Day, which doſt ditunally
Flame in the forehead of the azure ſkie,

Bluſh

Bluſh to behold this ſad, and helpleſſe hap,
And hide thy head in *Thetis* eazy lap,
Let thy coruſcant thy tranſlucent light
Not make a difference twixt this day and night,
Let this black day be from all annalls cut
Nor in the reckoning of the yeare be put,
Let gloomy ſhades upon it ever paſſe
For to delucitate how fatall 'twas.
Rapacious *Skeleton*, leave death (that cares not
For wit or beauty) monſter fell, (that ſpares not
Honours) can nothing thy nice pallate pleaſe,
(Grim ſir) but ſuch *Ambroſian* cates as theſe,
So delicate a diſh may pamper thee
But make ten thouſand pine, and penſive be,
Yet ſince thou haſt caught this choyce *Ambroſia*
(Sweeter then Joves) we will weepe teares which may
Be *Nectar* too, our loſſe ſhall ſatiate thee,
And with our ſad teares mayſt thou drunken be.
Your envious fates (that holds the vitall ſheares
And ſet upon the nine infolded Spheares
Whirling the Adamantine ſpindle round
On which the brittle lives of men are wound,)
Since this bleſt paire are fallen, let them have
An earthquake (at the leaſt) to ope their grave.

They are magnificently interr'd in the chiefeſt Temple in *Naples*, and over them is ingraven this Epitaph.

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies a bleſſed paire, alive one bed,
Contained them both, and one grave being dead.
Here lies interr'd the twins of fate,
One was the Atlas of the State,
His head the throne of Art,
Of Pietie, his heart.
Minos in furre,
A friend of right
Mavors in war,
A devill in fight.
I'th others lovely face
Freſh beauty dwelt, and grace,
An Angell cloath'd in fleſh, and ſent
into a claie tenement
She was, —— Reader admire this, and wiſh
Thy ſelfe a worme to taſt ſo *choyce a diſh.*

Having given the parents the rights of buriall let us returne to the children, and ſpeake ſome thing of their Daughter *Dionella*, although ſome may conceive it impertinent to the Hiſtory, yet they may find it no more repugnant, then in one noſegay to ſet two flowers, or in one counterfait diverſe colours, yet to expect all paſſages and circumſtances of their lives, were to looſe ons longing, you may as well ſeeke *Pauls* ſteeple in *Hordius* his Map of the world, for abridgments, Hiſtories are nets of a larger waſh, which onely incloſe great fiſhes, τὰ ἀξιόλογα, things worth mentioning, the ſmaller fry, matters of leſſe conſequence, eſcape them, paſſing over therefore, and omitting all impertinent tautologies & ambages, we ſhall proceed to relate, how.

Amenides

Amenides Clorinda's brother, an honourable ſlip of the antient tree of Engliſh nobility, a pregnant proficient in all diſcipline of ſtate, of a ſweet aſpect, and comely forme and feature, of whom it may be juſtly ſpoken without *Hyperbolies* of fiction, as it was of *Cato Uticenſis* that he ſeemed to be borne to that only which hee undertooke, *Verſatilis ingenij* (as *Plutarch* hath it) but to ſpeake much of him were the way to leave out ſomething that might adde to his praiſe, and to forget much that would augment his honour, in a word therefore he became enamoured of *Dionella Flaminius* his ſiſter, a Lady that did caſt upon her beholders ſo ſweet a looke, as was able to raye one into a Galliard, that lay in a dead palſie, and to doat on that ſweet countenance, but in that looke there raigned ſo divine a countenance, as cut off all laſcivious and vaine hopes, her face was Queen vertues palace, adorned with natures choyſeſt tapeſterie; thatcht with a golding hair, the windowes of his gorgious Court, caſt forth more glorious beames then thoſe wherewith raſh trayn'd *Phaeton* ſing'd the world, the rubie portalls boaſt in incomparable ſweetneſſe, for the fruition whereof a man would even enthrall and inhell himſelfe, upon the ſanguine and Lillie walls of this *Paphian* ſtructure interlaced, and kindly mixed with Alabaſter & *Vermilion* where more *Theoremes* were livly portraitured then in whole volumnes tedious pariphraſe, as her ſuperlative beauty won the praiſe from all women that ſtood in degree of compariſon with her, ſo her vertue was as amiable in mens judgements, as her feature in their eye ſight, but to ſpeak more of her were to take her leſſe, only thus much, all faire Ladyes might breake their flattering glaſſes and dreſſe themſelves in her.

But

But let us leave her with *Amenides* happy in their reciprocall affection, and turne to *Flaminius* who (when he had digeſted his griefe) longed to returne to *Clorinda*, (with whom hee had left his heart for a pawne till he came back,) to this end he tooke shipping for England attended by *Florian* and *Dorilo*.

At firſt the diſembling ſea ſmiled on them, but before they had ſayled three leagues the ſweet tongued *Syrens* began to ſing, and the delighted *Dolphins*, and gameſome *Porpiſes* to daunce to their muſicke, and all on a ſuddaine, a table cloud curtain'd the refulgent Lord of Light, the Seas were made a darke ſtage for a miſerable Tragedy to bee acted upon, now proud *Æolus* began (in a loud baſe) to ſing deſtruction, now *Neptune* did Court and kiſſe *Iris*, and the traiterous Sea ſweld it ſelfe into mountaines more high and hideous then the Alpes, on which the afflicted ſhippe as upon a promentory or ſtarry pointed *Piramid* was carryed to invade heaven, to ſeeke ſafty there, being denyed it upon the Sea, but was ſtraight darted downe againe into a precipice of helliſh darkeneſſe, as if it choſe rather to ride upon gentle *Phlegeton*, then this now unnavigable Ocean, the Sea ſtrove with the winde which ſhould bee lowdeſt, and the welkin (now all inveloped in ugly darkneſſe) contended with the Maine which ſhould bee more horrid, The diſtreſſed veſſell, was like a foot-ball toſſed by the rude feete of a ruſticke crew, here only proceeded that little of ſafety which it had, it was equally aſſailed on every ſide. All this time *Flaminius* ſat with ſetled countenance diſcovering nothing that argued feare, hee *Auguſtus* like encouraged the pale

pale Pilot with that ſentence, *Flaminium & Flaminii fortunam vehis*; how can that Veſſell ſuffer ſhip-wrack that carries *Flaminius*, and his Fortune? the ſubject of his Meditations was the object of his love, *Clorinda*, a brighter Nymph then ſhe that received a being from (his now angry enemy) the Sea, *Toto ſonuerunt æquora nimbi*, the idle Compaſſe, the broken Rudder, and ſplit Anchor were uſeleſſe, the flapping mainſayle and ſhivered Maſt were caſt over-boord, the Sea-men were diſtracted, ſome ply'd the Pump, ſome their (till then neglected) Prayer-books.

Nihil hic, niſi pontus, & aer.

Now no objects preſented themſelves to theſe abjects, but the raging Sea, and gloomy aire, neither had they a perfect proſpect of them, but when cloud-compelling *Jove* held out to them a Torch of Lightning, till at laſt kind *Aurora* became a Harbinger of that enſuing day, which ſhewed them light to land at *Cyprus*, a rich and flouriſhing ſoyle, placed under a ſmiling Heaven, and ſacred to *Venus*, to whom wee direct this Meeter:

Great Queen of change and mutability,
As falſe as faire, fickle Deity,
Were't not a ſin, I'de doubt what Poets ſing,
And boldly ſwear from th'ſea thou didſt not ſpring,
But from ſome ſilent grove, or bower of bliſſes,
Where Turtle-billing Lovers hide their kiſſes;
Thou wert begot in ſome Love-covering ſhade,
And not of glaſſie *Thetis* criſpt froth made,
For then the bold imperious ſurges might
Have been control'd by thee, then hadſt thou right,
To quiet the proud billowes, and to chain
In its prefixed bounds, the gadding maine,
Which now contemnes thy idle blaſt, and roare
For all thy threats, and rages more and more:

Now ſtubborn *Triton* mounted on a Whale,
Refus'd to hark to thy neglected call,
And at thy ſlight commands he ſtoutly ſcorne,
To ſound retreating with his bugle Horne,
Or give the flouds a ſignall to retire,
But joyn'd *Æolus* to ſwell them higher;
Revenge this *Cytherea*, elſe who ſhall
Adore, or let one graine of Incenſe fall
Upon thy Altars, ſacred Nymph ariſe,
The Rebell-rout of Sea-gods to chaſtiſe,
But legally, let *Mercury* be ſent,
To ſummon a celeſtiall Parliament,
Exclude the common crew, deny the rude
Fierce *Hydra* which we call the multitude,
To ſit with thee in Councell, or debate,
To redreſſe grievances ith' Lovers ſtate;
Admit no vulgar gods, for they will be
Like Tinkers, mending one hole they'l make three:
Diſpatch thy ayre-dividing Meſſenger
With ſealed Writs, and ſummon to appeare,
Hymen, *Thalaſſius*, and *Raucina* too,
The ſacred Nuptiall Deities which doe
Tye hearts in knots, and mutually twiſts
In holy chaines, the ſoules of Amoriſts.
The Quiver-bearing Wag, whoſe potent Bow
Nor ſex, nor age evades, nor high, nor low,
The Goddeſſes ſo debonaire, and free
Aglaia, *Thalia*, *Euphroſyne*,
Eſteem'd by men for their heart-eaſing mirth,
Whom thou (faire *Cytherea*) at one birth
Bore to the Ivie-crowned God of Wine.
Egeria, at whoſe adored ſhrine
The youthfull teeming females doe implore
The Goddeſſe ayde, to theſe and divers more
Direct thy ſummons, when they all

Be congregated at great *Joves* White-Hall:
(Divineſt Queen of Love) perſwade them ſtill,
To grant thy juſt demands, and paſſe this Bill,
That whereas hoary *Thetis* did not chaine,
(According as ſhe ought) the boyling Maine.
But traiterouſly did joyne with *Dione*
And *Malicerba* to diſturbe the Sea,
When he (whoſe fame ſhall drop from many a pen,
When Heralds ſhall want coates to ſell to men,
Whoſe Armes and Arts his glorious name ſhall raiſe,
Alike to wreathes of *Pallas* Oakes and Bayes)
Did furrow the great deep, and gently glide
Over the bubling face of th'haſty tide,
Bound for *Clorindas* armes (that happy port,
That true *Elizium*, Queen pleaſures Court)
So that *Clorinda* (a bright Nymph to whom
We grant priority, being overcome
By her rare feature, alas ſhe miſſes
Thoſe enthuſiaſtick raptures, Lovers bliſſes;
It's this day ordered by the joynt conſent,
Of the ſublime Ætheriall Parliament,
That *Phœbus* (whom terreſtialls doe
Adore, and yearly pay a tribute to)
For ten nights next enſuing ſhall not reſt
His drowſie head in Rebell *Thetis* breſt,
But in *Clorinda's* lap ſhould we aſſigne
A longer date, the Sun would never ſhine,
We ſhould have ſhort dayes, *Sol* would never riſe
From her lap, but to gaze upon her eyes,
And whereas *Boreas* did let looſe his breath,
And *Æolus* threat nothing under death,
And ſet the waves at variance with the skie,
And made among the Flouds a mutiny:
Its further order'd that for ten dayes the
Fairy paire of jarring brothers cloyſterd be,

In ſlender Bottles; its decreed they both
With th'Marine Deities ſhall take this Oath.
From this time forward ſolemnly we vow
To wait on ſacred Lovers, whilſt they plough
The vaſt Gulphes back; it plainely ſhall appeare
We will retreat, as glad to ſee them there;
We will concurre in one, both Sea and Wind,
To make their ſpeedly paſſage ſafe, and kind.
I Sea will ſmooth my buncht brow, and invite
Their bleſſed eyes, to ſee how I delight
To bear their weight, and joyntly with them prove
Zealous adorer of the Queene of Love.
And I the Wind (to ſtorme forgotten quite)
Will whiſper new joyes to rich Amphitrite,
And in ſo mild a breath Ile tell my Tale,
As it ſhall onely fill their ſwelling ſayle.
And I the Sea, will boyle officiouſly
To bring them to their harbours, whilſt ſad I
Lament their abſence, and diſſolve to teares,
And rather drowne my ſelfe then them with feares.
This done (kind *Cytherea*) now releaſe
The Winds, and grant to the relenting Seas
Once more the ancient immunitie,
The Lamp of Lights nocturnall Bed to be:
Thoſe acts by which fierce *Juno* did conſpire
Alcides bane, augmented, and ſwell'd higher
His venerable name, which now ſhall laſt
Till Time want ſand to run, or Fame a blaſt;
So make this tempeſt rayſed by the Seas
To ruine thy *Flaminius*, encreaſe
His firme emolument (faire Queene of Loves)
We doe conjure thee, by thy ſilver Doves,
To be his Guardian, let his laſting glory
Fill all men ſmouthes, and make the world a ſtory.

Finis Libri ſecundi.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE CYPRIAN ACADEMY.

SOone after the Orientall Majeſtie aroſe to over-circulate the Earth, *Flaminius* in a weather-beaten Ship, or rather the Carkaſſe of the Ship, or rather ſome few bones of the Carkaſſe, was driven upon the coaſts of the Iſle *Cyprus*, at the foot of a cacuminous Clift, whoſe ſteep-downe chalkie ſides reverberating and beating back the rayes of the reſplendent Sunne, by the beames reflection ſeemed to gild the Ocean with a new *Phœbean* gliſter.

Flaminius (with his truſtie ſervants) ſat upon the Clift, beholding the perjured waters of the Changeling Sea, and uttering theſe complaints; Ah unkind Nature, Queene of diſſimilitudes, and vicciſſitudes, when wilt thou be glutted with the miſeries of mortals? How unfortunate is the fate of man, to be ſubjugated under the yoake of ſo belluine and inhumane a ſ ep-

dame? Thy gifts are onely temporarie, there is no ſtable happineſſe in this circle of fleſh, nor is it in the opticks of theſe eyes to behold permanent felicitie: *Apres un peu de joye on ſent mieux la triſteſſe*, a pound of griefe followes an ounce of joy: as the tree and the rinde groweth and ſpronteth together, the one not ſubſiſting without the other; ſo with man is care and anxietie ingendred, which as an inſeparable evill Angell follows him in all his actions, as the ſhadow doth the body: *Lieur & mallieur ſe ſuyvent tour à tour*, good and evill follow one another. What were the lives of thoſe *Hero's*, *Alexander* and *Darius*, who ſtrove together which ſhould be Cock of the Worlds Dunghill, but one continued perplexitie? If to day *Mars* ſmiled on one of them, he feared the amphibologicall ſucceſſe of to morrow; for, *Cela qu'un jour nous donè, un autre jour nous l'oſte*, what one day gives us, another takes away from us: ſo that a man can make himſelfe ſure of nothing without the power of his action (that is not wholly in his hands) for, *Multa cadunt inter poculum, & labra*, Chance is a Dicer; its vaine to put more confidence in this life then in one wind at Sea, but 'tis wiſdome to have tackling readie for all viciſſitudes of Fortune.

The Mulberry tree (as Herbaliſts obſerve) is long in begetting and keeping its buds, but (the cold ſeaſon being paſt) it ſhootes them all in one night; and Fortune, which ſometimes is long in dandling her favourites, (the edge of her lubricious affection being abated) ſhe diverts from them her benignitie, and converts it to their miſerie. But we will omit the reſt of his complaints, deſiring rather to relate matter then words.

Flaminius aroſe, intending to direct his wearie ſteps to the Regall Citie *Nicoſia*, almoſt in the heart of the Iſland,

Iſland, in the territorie of *Lapathia*: the way was pleaſurable, and the earth clad in her beſt apparell, which made the Iſland appeare to be the field of *Ceres*, the garden of *Bacchus*, the prime paſtorage of *Pan*, and the richeſt beautie of *Silvian*; the Wheat over-topt his head, the Vines over-lookt the Trees, the rank graſſe juſtled with his knees, and the high-ſprong Woods did threaten to invade the Clouds. He had not travailed farre, before he was ſet upon by a pack of Robbers, a rout of crazed fortunes, whoſe crackt eſtates did gape to be ſoldered up by any wealthy bootie; but valour reſpects not numbers: wherefore *Flaminius* (who eſteemed few ſwords in a juſt defence able to reſiſt many unjuſt aſſailers) commanded his truſty Squires, *Florian* & *Doriſto*, (who had rather ſacrifice their lives at their Maſters feet, then ſeek (by flying) a dishonourable ſafetie) to aſſiſt him, who like an enraged Lyon ſent ſome arme-leſſe, others leg-leſſe, more head-leſſe, but many life-leſſe, to take up their comfort-leſſe Lodgings under the black mantle of endleſſe night.

Florian lent ſuch a terrible blow to one of their Chiefetaines, (who with open mouth threatned his deſtruction) as ſlicing off both his tongue and chaps, before he had ended his babling, gave a period to his oration. *Doriſto* ſtruck at another in the ſame poſture, and made his ſoule in a ſtreame of clottered bloud, to ſayle out at his mouth.

Thoſe that ſurvived of this Rabble (ſeeing themſelves over-matcht every way, and fruſtrated of hopes to reſiſt any way) deſiſted, and *Flaminius* perſiſted on in his journey; but before he could reach the Citie *Nicoſia*, it did adveſperate, and the ſilent night with her pitchie Chariot had courſed over the face of the element, and he was forced to take the earth for his

pillow, the wide fields being to him in ſtead of a Chamber, and the windie skies being a roofe to his blaſted Lodging, and having the cold and humid vapours of *Nocturna* to accompanie the unwiſht-for Bed of his repoſe: but as ſoone as he eſpyed the beautious *Aurora* had with Vermillion bluſhing cheekes forſaken the Saffron Couch of her age-wearied Lover, he continued his travaile through a moſt pleaſant Valley; on the right hand ſtood a ridge of mountaines, whereof one ſurmounted the reſt, and had mounted upon his top a Pyramid of Braſſe; on the left hand was the Sea, bordered with continued hills, beſet with varietie of fruits; the Champaine betweene was full of flowrie hillocks, not much over-topping their ranker valleyes, which were with Groves of Olive and Orange trees diſperſedly adorned. At the end of this Paradiſe he entred into a ſolitarie deſart, whoſe ornaments were uncouth Rocks; ſome eaten with age, others blaſted with lightning, others bruiſed with thunder: no comfortable beame of pleaſure ſhined here, no cheareſull Sunne or Moone illuminated this palace of death with gladſome rayes; it was filled with deepe ditches, and ſoundleſſe pits, which were inhabited by hoarſe Frogs and croaking Toads; it was paved with blouddrawing Thornes: about the middle of this wilderneſſe was a melancholy Cave, the black Domicill of the daughters of death; *Flaminius* paſſing by it, heard comming from it theſe lamentations, couched in a Medley, both for Verſes and Tunes.

I

When *Phaeton* fell from *Sols* bright Throne,
And fail'd in's enterpriſe,
How did his ſiſters him bemoane,
And fill the ayre with cryes?

Proud

2

Proud *Pelops* Wife, bold *Niobe*,
(Her off-ſpring being ſlaine)
'Gainſt ſtormes approach, O how doth ſhe
In Marble ſtill complaine?

3

What ſorrow *Orpheus* did ſuſtaine,
When through th'infernall ſhade
Thou, thy *Euridice* to obtaine,
With Muſick paſſage made.

4

What madneſſe did corrode thy breſt,
wofull *Andromache*?
When *Hector* (being laid to reſt)
Thy luckleſſe eyes did ſee.

5.

Aſtianax flung from a Tower,
(The hope of *Troy*, and thee)
O curſed act of a curſt houre,
what ſorrow might this be?

6.

What griefe *Jocaſta* haddeſt thou,
To ſee *Eteocles*
Ingaged by a fatall vow,
To ſlay *Polynices*?

7.

Sad *Dedalus*, how ſmall's thy eaſe,
That ſaw thy daring Boy
Baptize the vaſt *Icarian* Seas,
And leave thee void of joy?

8.

What ſhould I ſpeak how *Progne* griev'd
For her Spouſe, ſpouſe breach, tell
Should I, how ſad *Anthony* liv'd
After *Actæon* fell.

9.

All this black Troop of dismall woes
enumerated here,
Are pleasures if compar'd with those
which horally I beare.

10.

Had I more tongues my griefe to tell,
Then Romans (loath to yeeld)
In one *Rome*-wasting Battell fell,
In luckleſſe *Canna's* Field.

11.

Yet should I want an Idiome,
Or dialect, to say
My griefe in an idoneous tone,
My tongue, ah welladay.

12.

The Tongues of Muses are too faint
In Helicon that keep
T'expresse the cause of my complaint,
Come Muses with me weep.

13.

But why should I perplex the Nine
with my griefe, when tis known,
They finde enough (Ah) without mine,
To relament their owne.

14.

The ancient Helicon they've left,
Since their *Antiomers*
Was of his wisht for life bereft,
They've made one of my teares.

15.

I oft and oft did them invoke,
But none of them reply'd,
Their Harmony (alas) is broke
Since their *Mæcenas* dy'd.

Come

16.

Come and approach, and attend to my cryes,
you Hags and Hobgoblins,
Regiſter up and keep
a catalogue of my teares,
Theſe archt walkes of midnight Groves
will I never abandon,
And *Silvans* ſhadowes,
And ſhades that *Clarida* loves,
Where ſilver buskin'd triping Nymphs
were never affrighted,
By harſh blows of the rude Axe
from their hallowed haunt.

17.

Here Death keepeth his Court,
Here pitchy horror inhabits,
This is griefes free-hold,
Here will I chuſe to abide,
Come and aproach dapper Elves,
Satyrs rough, and cloven-heel'd Fawnes,
Not trickt and frounc't up
As in the freſh flowry May,
But civill ſuted Kerchift
in Winter attire,
Draw neer Ile teach you how
To weepe teares in parts.

18.

Sol retrograde with your fire breathing ſteeds,
And ſhut my eyes up in eternall night,
My ſoule have loſt its Sun, my body needs
No radient light.

19.

Sinke toth' infernall ſhade, and let thy rayes,
Illuminate their foggy hemiſphere,

Give

Give to th' Antipodes that ſhare of dayes,
Which I doe hate here.

20.

Acquaint them not with my anxiety,
For then thy guilt carr will prove tedious,
They'l fall a grieving too, and implore thee
To returne to us.

21.

Kind Phœbus grant me what I poſtulate,
But if you ſlight, and churliſhly deny't,
My teares my optick ſence ſhall adumbrate,
And ſo make a night.

22.

Larke
Nor Thruſh
In no buſh
Shall tell his tale,
Nor ſweet Nightingale
That on the bloomy ſpray,
Carrols praiſes of freſh May,
Come and inhabit this dim dale,
Cuckow ever telling of one tale,
Raven and *Nyctimine*, that love the darke.

23.

Come Steele-digeſting Bird, come and draw neere
You brood-devouring Kite, greedy Wane,
That under-mines, fierce Cormorant:
Come Faleon, and Vulture too,
With the predictious Crow,
Jay that ever talke,
Griping Goſhawke,
Keep companie
With mee,
Here.

An-

24.

Antiomers, *Apollo* in the head,
Mars in the hand, a Saint ith' heart, a man
Who was the Magazine, or Vatican
Oth' lib'rall Sciences, alas is dead.

25.

Earth-decking *Flora*, beauteous Lasse that use
To purple the fresh ground with vernal Flowers
That suck in the Nectarian honied showers,
Thou that wear'st Flowrets of a thousand hues,

26.

Thou that the smooth shorne fields enamelest,
And annuall wrapst the even shaven Plaine,
In a mellifluous Rug of Flowers, daigne
Propitiously to come at my request.

27.

Come bring with thee the well-atti'rd Woodbine,
The Lovers Pansie freakt with shining Jet,
The tufted Growtoe, glowing Violet,
Ruddy *Narcissus*, and pale Gessamine.

28.

Bring the Faire Primrose (that forsaken dyes)
The Daffadillies with cups fill'd with teares,
All *Amaranth's* brood that Embroidery weares,
To strew her Lawneat Hearse where my Love lyes.

The Melody being ended, *Flaminius* desiring as well to satisfie his sight as his hearing, stept to the Cave, where he beheld the Querimonious Lady, in a garment of blacke Velvet, embroydered with silver, her haire was gathered up under a small cap, covered with feathers, and set thicke with Diamonds, which glittering about her head dazeled his sight, but it was little in respect of that lightning which came from her face.

She

She was raviſhed with the rare feature of *Flaminius*, who doubtleſſe had been as much taken with hers, had hee not been gained by another, but his ſoule was ſo fill'd with the moſt excellent perfection of *Clorinda*, that there was no place left for any other impreſſion. After ſome Diſcourſe, the Ladies offers and his deſires became convertible, ſhee requeſted that which he moſt deſired, which was to accompany her to the Court, and hee requeſted that which ſhe was moſt ambitious to performe, which was, to informe him of the cauſe of her querulous Soliloquie, which ſhe did in theſe words.

Gentle Sir, though I am aſſidually uſed to complaints, yet were my heart contracted into tongue I ſhould bee deficient in declaring the unſpeakableneſſe of my ineffable griefe, and though I deſpaire to bring you any paſtime, yet to paſſe the time, bee pleaſed to heare this Tragedy. There arrived at this Iland, *Antiomers* ſonne to the Emperour of *Germany*, Knight, who was in peace ſweet and humble, in War ſterne and haughty, the Eaſt could not boaſt more pearles then he could vertues, the gentleneſſe of his countenance, and the fierceneſſe of his courage ſeemed to be two contraries in the ſame ſubject, his heart was uncapable of feare in any danger, but tractable and eaſie in converſation; in a word *Antiomers*, a man under whoſe name is comprehended all Warlike vertue; loved no women but mee, that loved not any man but him; he never ſpake but of me, he never made any relation which he eſteemed good, if I were not the ſubject thereof; nor did I thinke any time loſt, but what I ſpent out of his company. It ſo fortuned that *Silenus*, brother to *Lycidus*, the young King of *Cicilie*, proclaimed a generall challenge againſt all Knights that ſhould deny his Lady *Adria*

(daugh-

(daughter to the Great Turke) to bee the Paragon of the terreſtiall Paradiſe; Fame proud to promulge this deſie to all the world, graſpt it betweene her teeth, and ſhaked it about, ſo that it came to *Antiomers* eares, who ſoon left *Cyprus*, and went to *Cicilie*, reſolved to make him repent his brags, or to bury my honour with his owne body.

I ſhall omit the circumſtances of his Journey, and returne to *Silenus*, who hearing of *Antiomers* his approach entred the Field in an Armour of a Cornation colour all beſet with Croſlets of gold in a Field Azure, he bore upon his Shield the Picture of *Adrias* in ſilver, with the Seven Starres round about her, under her was engraven this Saphick.

Adrias *ſplendet velut inter ignes,*
Luna minores.

As Cynthia *among nights Fry,*
So Adrias *ſhines reſplendently.*

Antiomers had on a French Armour of an Aſhie colour, which hid the ſparkes of a lively fire, ſpotted with Flower-de-luces of Silver and Gold, his device was a Heart ty'd to a pillar in the middle of a Faggot kindled by me, my portraicture was all beſet with Flowers, and juſt under my Simulachrie was inſcribed in Greeke Characters theſe words, χλωρὸς κατ' ἐξοχὴν (*the beſt of Flowers*) his Feather was Gree-de-lieu and white, his Capariſons Griſde-lieu, embroidered with Gold, ſet thicke with ſparks of Diamonds.

Theſe two Champions in their careere darkned the ayre with the duſt they raiſed, and ſtruck the earth into an Ague with their Horſes battering hooſes, *Antiomers* in the middle of his courſe met his Enemy like

like a Whirlewind, and fell upon him like a Tempeſt, they both ſent the ſplinters of their Launces to digge Graves in the duſt for their blood, which forthwith fill'd them, for there were many ſalliports cut in their Armours for their lives to iſſue out at, and death to enter in at. *Silenus* words and blowes were delivered ſo together, that it was ænigmaticall whither enterprizing or prevailing went firſt, his energeticall ſtrokes ſeemed as thunder, to his words lightning; but hee found no barren ground for this ſeed, for *Antiomers* (abhorring ſterility) yeelded him his own with increaſe, which becauſe he did not expect, hee was perplexed by it, and in this reſpect, though reaſon and amazement bee ſeldome joyned, yet here they were not diſſentaneous, for the moſt reaſonable ſpectators had good reaſon to be amazed at the unreaſonable ferocity of the combatants, who both overwearied with fighting, fell proſtrate to the earth, where *Antiomers* thus commun'd with himſelfe.

Can my courage faint remembring my Lady, or can any thing diſmay me being in her favour, no the honour of her name (which I honour) hath call'd me to the Field, and her beauty is ſo perfect, as nothing ſhall be able to force me to flye.

And now theſe Champions carried more by ſtrength of affection then of body, by the cruelty of the ſecond charge they wiped away the aſtoniſhmenr of the firſt, till at laſt they were both carried out of the Field, with more appearance of death then hope of life. As ſoon as I heard of the event of the fight, I went to viſit him, he no ſooner caſt his dim eyes upon me, but his colour freſhly revived in the pale cinders of his thin cheekes, and the old vermilian tincture began to plead a new poſſeſſion of his ſeverall manſions, but at length I ſaw the vermilian non-ſuited, and him pale and dead,

dead (though even in that condition lovely, as if death had taken that ſhape to make me enamoured of him) alive he ſurpriſed and ſuppreſſed envy with vertue, and dead honours accompanied him to the grave. ——— *Quis talia fando.*

Explicet, aut poſſit lachrimis æquare dolorem; (Eyes,
What tongues can chant my griefe, what blubbering
With weeping can my ſorrow equalize.

O curſed be the hand that kill'd, that kill'd him, curſed be his heart that had the heart to doe it, ô yee juſt gods let moſt direfull, and hapleſſe happs, happen to that hatefull wretch that made me wretched by his death, ô kind death lend my cheekes his paleneſſe, which boaſt more of theſe trickling drops of teares, then the *Pactolian* ſand hills doe of their moſt gorgious gliſtering pearles left there, and forſaken by the ebbing billowes of the bubling waters, My teares ſhall raine upon his grave to make the gentle earth beare ſome Adonean, or rather Antiomerean flowre, which ſhall beare his name and memory.

She would have uttered more circumſtancies of the Tragedy, but ſhe was forced to make their womb their tomb, and to bury them before ſhe brought them forth, thoſe other things which ſhe intended ſhould have had birth in her mouth dyed there, for her words were waſht away by her teares which came dropping downe, like rayne in ſun-ſhine, and hang upon her cheekes and lips, like drops upon cherries, which the dropping tree bedeweth, her ſwell'd eyes became her fortune, and made her teares comely.

By this time they were come to the Court, where *Arbella* Daughter to *Romulus* King of *Cyprus*, (for ſo was the prementioned Lady nominated) brought him to the King, whoſe Siſter *Capricia* (mentioned in the former part of this hiſtory) was wife to *Pompilius* viceroy of Naples, and Mother to *Flaminius*, ſo that the

King quickly ſo diſperſed the rayes of his grace upon his Nephew *Flaminius*, as he thought his court deficient, without this pregnant proficient of State, but let it be ſufficient for the preſent that we have brought *Flaminius* to the court, and into the Kings favour, let us now returne to *Clorinda*, (diſconſolate *Clorinda*,) whom we have too long forgotten.

In this time of *Flaminius* abſence, and conſequently of her infelicity (for how could ſhe chooſe but languiſh in the abſence of her beſt *Phyſitian*) no carefull art, or art of carefullneſſe was imployd in her adorning her ſelfe, ſhe left all to neglected chance, which yet could no more impair her perfections, then a dye caſt any way could looſe its ſquareneſſe.

Still her love did burne lik a veſtall fire, which with *Flaminius* memory, richer then all ſpices diſperſed fragrant odours, round about her Love-ſick ſoule, and did refreſh it, when 'twas in the dumpes, and ſtuck faſt in the quagmire of melancholy.

She was ſeldom out of the company of *Delia*, whoſe preſence would have diverted much griefe, had it been curable by company, yet ſhe ſet as cheerefull a countenance upon it, as the ſadneſſe of her heart would permit, after he had been abſent from her ſome conſiderable time, not having oportunity perſonally to kiſſe her hands; he ſent this letter as his paper deputy to doe it for him.

Flaminius to *Clorinda*,

Sweet Princeſſe of my life.

Some three monthes ſince I left the artificiall ſea of teares (wept out of my dewy eyes, for the diſceaſe of my defunct parents,) and lanched out into the naturall ſea bound for thy armes, (that haven of happineſſe, that port of pleaſure) but I was unhappily diverted by a diſaſterous tempeſt whieh for twelve dayes toſt me too and fro upon the inraged Ocean,

and

and then caſt me upon the Iſle of *Cyprus*, a Land enobled for its celebrated excellencies,) here I am in favour with the King, and in credit at the court, but the thorne amongſt theſe Roſes, is thy abience, my greateſt evill, is the want of my moſt beloved good, thy honoured ſelfe, the life of my hopes, and the hope of my life, which I keep only for thy ſervice, nor can I looſe it better then for thy love, and if I ſhould ſorrow for the loſſe thereof, it would be rather in reſpect of thee then my ſelfe, and out of griefe I ſhould have to ſee my end, before I have teſtified the beginning of my ſervice to thee.

But my faire one, I (who live onely to dye for thee) I (who entertaine my ſelfe onely with Imaginations, and live onely with hopes of thy love) conjure thee by the radient lights of thy eyes, (the onely ſuns by whoſe rajes I am animated) that thou doſt not pine thy ſelfe (whilſt I remaine in this darkneſſe, wherein I enwrap my ſelfe, during thy abſence,) for ſo thou mayſt cut off thy owne time, but not abate (but augment) my troubles, rather manifeſt a princely magnanimity of mind, in conquering this griefe by the valour of thy patience, and continue to love ſtill.

Cyprus. *Madam.*

Thy Immutable Votary, and conſtant Servitour.

Flaminius.

Clorinda. having oft honoured this letter with moſt affectionate kiſſes, diſpatcht the meſſenger, (which was *Florian*) with this anſwer.

Clorinda

Clorinda to Flaminius.

My Lord,

THough I know that out of your ingenuitie and candor, you are noble enough to overvalue me ſo far, as to love me without any merits that might induce you to it, yet I were ungratefully ſordid, and ſordidly ungratefull, if I ſhould not teach my pen (which is guided by my heart) to affirme that the leaſt ſcruple of your love is not loſt, but highly prized, and returned to you in like meaſure, beleive it Sir I am more torne and purſued by feares, of and for you, then *Actæon* was by his doggs, I ſee not but through your eyes, I live not but by your love, which is in eternall characters ingraven upon the Amethiſt of my heart, and though the ſtarrs condemne us to this ſeperation, yet your name and repreſentation ſhall be alwayes the deareſt jewells of the life, of

Your

England. *Clorinda.*

Having delivered this letter to *Flaminius* let us looke upon *Arbella*, who made her heart *raſam tabulam* a white paper, longing to have *Flaminius* writ his love upon it, to this end ſhe ſtudied with great art to tie all thoſe graces together, wherewith ſhe accuſtomed to have her admirable beauty accompanied, for the glory ſhe apprehended in captiving ſuch a courage made her delire to ſeem faire, ſhe would be ſeldome out of his company, hoping that if he were not taken with the inevitable ſtrookes of her face, he ſhould be conſtrained to yeild by her charming ſpeech, and becauſe ſhe would move every ſtone, and leave no means unatempted, when ſhe knew *Flaminius* (who was much delighted with the airey whiſtlings, and inarticulate ſuſurrations of vegitables) to be walking in a tufted grove, adjoyning to the City, thether ſhe repaire I

paired, and placing her ſelfe within a leavy labyrinth in the navil of this obſcure inmoſt bowre, ſitting upon a moſſie couch of graſſie turfs ſhe utterd theſe words.

Faire ſilver ſhafted Lad goe burne thy frivolous bow, and in imitation of *Hercules* in theſe waving woods erect thy pillars and write *Nil plus vltra*, my conqueſt is ended, what ſhall *Flaminius* remaine alwayes as free, as invincible? can it be that ſo much valour can be altogether unaccompanied with love?

Flaminius (willing to convince her of her errour, in thinking him altogether without love, tooke a ſeat in an adjoyning arbour, & made this proteſtation of his love to *Clorinda*.

Loadſtone of love, life of beauty, picture of formoſitie, flowre of comlineſſe, *Clorinda*, believe that my affection is ſo perfect as it cannot be increaſed or diminiſhed, ſince the firſt birth of it, but if it be capiable of augmentation, thy late letter was as bellows to kindle a new fire in my ſoule, which ſhall never be extinguiſhed by averſe ſtarrs, or adverſe fortune, know (ſweet Miſtris of my love, and life) and believe that it is the royall prerogative of a lover to be metamorphoſed into the eſſence of the party loved, and ſo it fareth with me, whoſe heart is as faithfull to you as the needle to the north.

Firſt, ſhall fertile ſoyles render nothing but thornes to *Coridon*, (as a reward for his good ſeede,) or rivers (the emblems of gratitude) forget to repay their flouds to *Neptune*, or a truſtie grayhound transforme himſelfe to a pilfering Tygar, or vertue become vice, and beauty a blemiſh, before any goddeſs be made governeſſe of the cittadell of my heart beſides thy ſelfe.

Arbella ſeing her hopes fruſtrated returned to her fathers Court, where ſhe found *Lycidus* King of *Sicilie* her beauty ſhined ſo bright that the amarous King

was too weake to reſiſt it, for although her minde was poſſeſſed with ſorrow, & her body clad with mourning, *& corrupuit oculos fletu*, and ſhe loboured to hide her feature, and dim the luſture of her face, yet could not the excellent perfection wherewith ſhe was inriched be defaced.

Neither *Lycidus* Rhetorick, nor his friends perſwaſions could procure for him *Arbella's* good likeing, therefore he out of the atrocity of his ſpirit, ſeeing his love rewarded with loathing, returned home and raiſed an army to make at once a conqueſt, both of *Arbella*, and her fathers Kingdome, when he had almoſt covered the Sea with his potent *Armado*, and made a bridg of ſhips over the miditerranian Ocean, *Lemuroc* (a man of an arrogant mind, a fit hing for miſcheife to turne upon, one that like the fellow that burnt the Temple of *Diana* at Epheſus, would get himſelfe a name, though it were for doing miſcheife, who was left by *Lycidus* in *Cyprus* under pretence to negociate the match, did patch the Lions skin with the Foxes taile, and thus he acted his part for his Maſters advantage, he congregated, and ſeduced the rout, and ſcumd the mud and froth of the people, the fitteſt ſoyles for this grand incendiary to ſow his ſeeds of rebellion, with this *Gallemaufery* of *Plebeians* (who having nothing to loſe, no not the oppulency of a good diſpoſition) were eaſily ingaged in his tumult) he marched to the regall palace in *Nicoſia*, the Walls, Turrets, and Battlements were white marble, the windows of carved ſilverworke, enamelled with Indian pearle, glazed with Chriſtall glaſſe. *Lemuroc* mounted upon a high ſcaffold made this inſinuating O a ion to his rebellious followers, among whom were ſome popular and diſcontented Lords.

My

My Lords,

CONsider how this ſtragling ſtranger *Flaminius* hath ſo ſtollen into the Kings favour, that it is lockt up from you, you are of the Court but not of the Councel, hee is growne ſo exceſſive in the appetite of the Kings favour, and ſo exceſſive in the limitation of the Soveraigne aſpect, that he alienates his Majeſties grace from you, he hath intrinſicated the occult diſpoſition of *Romulus*, and conformed his owne ſo exquiſitely thereunto, that there is but one *velle* betweene them both.

From hence ariſeth that intire confidence, that *Romulus* who is jealous of all men elſe, is confident of him, nor doth hee hide any clandeſtine negotiation from him; and to ſay true he makes himſelfe but like a Cipher to make this Figure the more in number.

Ere-while you were honoured in the ſight of your Prince, enjoy'd his delights, you were cruſht with honour as with burdens, you required nothing but you obtained it, ſo that all men admired and deſired your eſtates: but now a ſable cloud hath obſcured all theſe faire beames in one day, your Prince frownes, your glory departs like a dreame, and you the *Atlaſſes* who carried ſuch heapes and mountaines of honours upon your ſhoulders, have your *Exits* with reproach.

All eyes are attracted to, and fixed on this new light of *Flaminius*, all hearts are pinn'd upon his ſleeve, all neckes buckled under his girdle; from his hand only you receive your moſt importunate diſpatches, you hold your ſelves graced by his injunctions, if he daigne not to diſdaine your Petitions, you are highly honoured; If he pleaſe to breake ſilence in your behalfe, you are greatly obliged, you diligently waite at his dores, and endure the churliſh-

neſſe of his Porters, and bribe them to be the firſt that may obtaine acceſſe to this adored Idoll, you all labour to faine the choiſeſt amplifyings to encomionize him, and the greateſt ſubmiſſion to flatter him, his ſtrength makes you all weake, his ſoarings makes you flag your wings, and flye cloſe to the earth, his golden feathers are of ſuch vaſtneſſe, that they ſpread like ſailes, and ſo becalme you all, that you want aire, and Sea-roome to raiſe your plumes, and taſte the pleaſures of your owne Elements.

Hee is the Harpy which hath all eares lockt to his ſound, you are but as Fidles unſtrung; he among you that hath *Flaminius* for his Protector, neede not bend all his nerves to acquire dignities; he that hath him for his foe languiſheth under diſgrace, and miſery. None can obtaine any elevation without his *benè placet*, neither can any without his leave preſerve himſelfe with innocence and vertue. You may ſay of *Flaminius* as *Tiberius* Subjects did of *Seianus*, *ut quiſque Seiano intimus ita ad Cæſaris amicitiam validus: contra incenſus eſſet metu ac ſordibus conflictebantur.*

Hee hath even chang'd the nature of your Prince, and made him Saturnine and ſupercilious, who was once as debonaire and infaſtidious as *Auguſtus* of whom it was ſaid, *Auguſtus civile rebatur miſceri voluptatibus vulgi*, hee was a Prince, yet ſeemed a Citizen, and diſdained not to beare a part in popular recreations. Will you run with ſo much patience to the infringing of your liberties, and throw your ſelfe headlong into the gulfe of ſervitude. Remove the cauſe of theſe grievances, and the effect will ceaſe, take *Flaminius* from about the King, and the day of his benignity will daun upon you. Or if a quiet and peaceable Prince, and a proſperous Republiqne bee your *ſumma bona*, adhære to my Royall Lord and Maſter

Lycidus,

Lycidus, and hope by his assistance to attaine the Apex of felicity, the top of your desires.

Flaminius having assembled a troop of loyall Courtiers with them, went to appease the multitude, nothing fearing forreigne incursions, if hee could prevent home-bred insurrections, he therefore (who fought as if hee had beene suckled by *Bellona*, and never fingerd ought but a Lance, and who spoke as if hee had beene foster'd by *Minerva*, and never handled any thing but a pen; hee who shared as much of *Mercury* in his tongue, as *Mars* in his hand) began thus,

O scelus, ô veterum proles vesana Gigantum.

What? are *Romulus* his Subjects become Authors of a ryot, and actors of their owne tragedy? What, have you combined Phœnix-like to let out your owne life blood? What, will you imitate the Viper, and teare, and dilacerate the entralls of your owne great parent your Countrey? and are *Plitus*, *Xanverde*, *Turpill* and others of the gowne that should be *participes curarum*, companions in care to your Royall Soveraigne; you that should be co-props of the State, you that should beare part of the burthen with your Prince, are you confederated against him? you are advanced to as high a pitch of Supremacy as subjection will permit, or Soveraignty endure, and yet will you still aspire, till you expire?

Are you so transported with a desire to raign, that all your potency seemes villinage so long as you must acknowledge any Superiour? were there a resurrection of your Ancestors, they would blush at your insolence, and runne to kisse their graves that have hidden them from beholding such Rebellion, were your Fathers now to dye againe, they would every one bequeath as a legacie to his sonne that grave and laudable precept,

Nec

Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira Cupido.

But looke before you leape, conſider the Perſon you conſpire againſt, is the Majeſty of *Romulus*, who by cœleſtiall inſtitution is the terreſtiall Deity, its *Romulus* the Father of your Countrey, the fountain of honour, a man beyond all commendation, of a grave ſpirit, of a conſtant and well-ſetled judgement, ſo that if all the rancour and malice in the world were contracted into one eye, it ſhould never detract from him, he is a profeſſed Guardian to the Muſes and their refined fancies, hee is accute in witt, grave in cenſure, mature in judgement, and in all the liberall Sciences ſo frequent, and beyond compare perfect, that they rather appeare innate to him, then acquired by education. The Arts Court him to be called their Oracle, as if hee only had beene borne to uncloud whatſoever is included in their ſpacious Orbs, he holds a Dormant Councel-table in his own Princely breaſt, the whole current of his diſpenſations ſpeake him a patterne to the admiration and imitation of poſterity. He is the prop, the Atlas on which the ſafety of you all leane, he is the hinge on which the whole State turnes; in a word, he is the *Pelops* for wiſedome, the *Minos* for good government. Remember *Amour & Royalte ne veulent point o' eſgall*, Love and Lordſhip ſuffer no fellowſhip. Forget not that Soveraigne authority is ſo delicate and tender, that it will take hurt with the leaſt rude handling.

Nor doe enterprizes againſt Princes proſper, remember that *Seianus* that contrived the death of *Druſus*, *Litia* that conſented to it, *Endemus* that compounded the drug, and *Ligdus* the Ganimed that preſented it, all periſhed miſerably, and ſo let thoſe furies all of them periſh that undertake againſt the lives and proſperity of their Princes.

But will you that have ſeene many yeares of Sunſhine

ſhine dayes, and beene the happieſt Nation upon the ſurface of the Univerſe, as if felicity had been calculated onely for your Meridian; will you make your Iſland the ſeate of warre, and ſtage of woe, and baniſh proſperity from your confines? doe you long to ſee your Babes brought forth for the ſword to glut upon? to ſee the bodies of your Ancients made pavements to walke upon, your Matrons become a prey, and prize to every raviſher, your Prieſts and Sacrificers ſlaine at the gates of your Temples,

Quæ tantum inſanas voluit, dementia gentes?

And you Muſhromes, you leſſer ſtarres, that come not within any Conſtellation, will you joyne with them that *quo rure, quaque injuria* invade your Countrey, you ſhould rather joyne hand in hand to ſhoulder them out, who will uſe you but as inſtruments to ruine one another: you doe but ſhoote arrowes againſt the Sun which will retrograde, and fall upon your owne heads: but if you be reſolved to contribute to your owne deſtruction, I diſpaire not to find ſome who are not ſuch fickle and deſultory temporizers as will concur in this rebellion againſt their King, but will never doe that which moſt of his Subjects doe, flatter him, but who will doe that which few of his Subjects do, love and honour him, and let theſe joyn with me in this acclamation, *Vivat Rex, Vivat Romulus, Vivat Rex Romulus, in Eternum vivat.*

Whilſt thus he ſpake, *conticuére omnes intentáq; tenebant.* *Flaminius* had ſuch action in his ſpeech, and grace in his action, as he raiſed attention with no leſs admiration then ſilence. For his Oration carried ſmoothneſſe and concinuity enough with it to make many revolt from *Lemuroc*, only ſome few ambitious Lords, whether out of inſtigation, or as it hath beene conjectured out of emulation, and jealouſie to bee eclipſed and over-ſhadowed by the fame and ſplendor

of

of *Flaminius*, ſwaid their Tennants and domeſticke retenews, and fled to *Lycidus* (who by this time was intrenched in the plaine of *Mamraſh* ſome five miles from *Nicoſia*) under whoſe enſigne wee will reſigne them, and aſſigne our ſtile to the perfecting of our former deſigns.

Flaminius diſpatched a Meſſenger to *Amenides* (whom hee deſired might joyne with him in his atchievements, and partake of his glory) who ſoon left *Dionella*, of whom hee tooke leave with teares in his eyes, ſhe alſo contributing hers unto their griefe, hee went accompanied with the ſame ſorrow which hee left behind, and in ten dayes ſpace arrived at *Cyprus*, with 1000. valiant *Neopolitans*, whoſe ſpangled plumes of divers coloured feathers obumbrating their ſteely creſts, and their gilded helmets, ſhewed in ſemblance like *Mars* his burganets overſhadowed with the golden treſſalines of his faire paphian paramoure; If unknown *Choræbus* with his troops of undaunted *Veterans* were in *Troyes* extreamity, welcome to the diſtreſſed *Priamus*, or the reſolved bands of *Achilles* with his fierce Mirmidons acceptable to the *Grecians* in the time of inteſtine skirmiſhes; how joyful then was *Romulus* at the arrivall of *Amenides* in this time of diſaſter, wherein hee more needed his Heroicke actions, then either *Priam* or the *Grecian* Heroes did their profered ſuccouring aiders. By this time the Governours of the ſeveral Provinces (having fortified their Cities) repaired with their bands to *Nicoſia*, where there was a general muſter of *Romulus* his ſouldiers wch amounted to the number of 40000. the day of battel between the two Armies was appointed on the morrow, and the Plains whereon it was to be fought were the prementioned Plaines of *Mamraſh*. As ſoone as the Caleſtiall Waggoner had forſaken the watry lap of *Thetis*, and iſſuing out at the latticed portalls of the Eaſtern

ſtern Ocean had ſwiftly followed the flying darkneſſe (which with ſable wings had tane her ſpeedy flight to the Weſterne India) the thundring drumms and ſhrill trumpets proclaimed the battles approach.

Romulus his Army was thus ordered; againſt the approch of his reproachfull enemies; the firſt Squadron was conducted by *Yeſlin* Governour of the Province of *Salamina*, the ſecond was given in charge to *Amenides*, the third was led by *Flaminius*, the fourth by *Romulus* the King, the laſt by *Pruteus*. This Army garniſhed with their diſcoloured plumes, raiſed ſuch a luſtre by the rayes of the earths illuſtrator, as heaven it ſelfe ſeemed to bluſh at the gorgeouſneſſe of the inriched earth, whoſe duskie face was ſo admirably garniſhed with ſuch a glorious Army.

Lycidus alſo divided his Army which conſiſted of 60000. men into divers ſquadrons, allowing to each ſquadron 10000. men, the firſt was carried on by *Lemuroc*, the ſecond followed *Turpill*, the third *Xanverde*, the fourth was under *Lycidus* owne conduct, the fifth had his Brother *Silenus* for its Leader, the laſt was commanded by *Plitus*. The ſignall of the battell being given, the two bodies engaged; and the earth loath to behold ſuch cruelty, hidde its face under a bloody mantle. Now the noiſe of the Souldiers (wch was no leſſe then the mad Sacrifices of *Bacchus* in *Thebes* and *Phrygia*, were wont to bee the neighing of horſes, the claſhing of the Armes, the groanes of the dying and wounded men, the obſtrepency of the Canons and ſounding granadoes drowned one another, and concurrd to make a diſcord, which at once both fed & frighted death. Now *Charon* ſweated with plying his Ores, now *Cerberus* feared to admit ſo many of *Romulus* rebellious Subjects, becauſe hee doubted (they were ſo inured to inſurrections) that they would mutiny againſt *Pluto*. Now *Radaman* thus trembled

bled to give cenſure againſt ſo many ſouldiers, leſt they (diſliking their doome) ſhould make another riot, and breake the peace. But becauſe I would not have the battle ended before I have deſcribed the manner of it, I will leave roaving at Generalls, and particularize ſome of the moſt eminent Combitants.

Flaminius (having valour for his leader, and fortune for his Auxiliar) delt downe right blowes (and them oft redoubled) upon his unabiding adverſaries, his blood-bedabled ſword guided by his ruthleſſe hand cleft where it ſtrucke, it cut out more worke for the Sexton then the Surgeon, it made no wounds but mortall ones, it left every one on whome it had diſcharged its fury either dying or dead.

Here his frantick arme cleave horſe and man inſunader at one blow, there it makes an Orphan, here widdow,; and ſo he remained preſſing, and oppreſſing his enemies till being ringd about with the diſtracted and amazed multitude his ſteed was ſlaine by *Turpil* but *Flaminius* ſo executed his vigorous rage upon him, as he made the Traitor to late repent his but lately offerd injury, for burying his blade in his curſed ſtomach he made him (belching out his life together with his blood, bid a ſorrowful farewell, to his more then ſorrowfull ſouldiers, and he ſoon mounted himſelfe on a fiery courſier, whoſe maſters head he paid for his horſe hire. Undanted *Romulus* alſo, who choſe rather to truſt to his body a caſtle of bones, then one of ſtones, no ſooner delt blowes, then theſe gave wounds, and thoſe wounds, death, till at length his force decreaſing, he was diſmounted yet defended himſelfe on foot till at laſt he eſpied, *Flaminius* coming, and then (whereas before he expected a noble death) he hoped for a glorious victory, for who can feare that hath *Flaminius* by him, whoſe very preſence might apall his proudeſt foe, but how many he ſlew, (not ſtranger

for

for number, then for the manner,) how he ſent them to their deſerved deaths, were a ſubject delectable to mee to write, and to all to read, but I ſhould be over tedious to diſcourſe of every particular. *Plitus* advanced himſelf eagainſt *Amenides*, whoſe actions ſpeak him higher then our Epithites, but the burnt child dreads the fire, the baited Beare will beware of the ſtake, the ſinged gnat dare not again flutter about the flame of the candle, the fiſh *Sphyrana* once intangled will ſhun the net, the dogs of *Ægypt* once terrified by the *Crocadile* wil ſeldom after lap at the banks of *Nilus*, and Puſillanimous *Plitus* having received two wounds ſought by the ſwiftneſſe of his horſe a diſhonourable ſafety, *Lemuroc* took his place and incountered *Amenides*, and it fared with him as with the young wreſtler that came to the *Olympick* games, who having had a foyle thought ſcorn to retreat till he received a fall, or him that being prickt in the finger by a bramble, thruſt in his whole hand among the thorns for madneſſe, for having diverſe wounds and not liking them, he left not, till he took that which was immedicable, & *Amenides* continued purpling the graſſe with blood and inriching the ground with pale carkaſſes. *Pruteus* ran againſt *Lycidus*, and bearing him quite over his ſaddle, he made him take a new & more uneaſy ſeat upon the croop of his palfrey, *Yeſlin* and *Silenus* were ſo forward in the careere, as the very earth ſeemed ſcarcely to bend under their horſes hooſes, with ſuch exceeding celeritie they paſſed to the encounter, but ô the impartiality of the fates, ô the atrocity of chance, The well accompliſhed *Socrates* and juſt *Phocian* were executed like Traitors, whilſt Rebell *Cæſar* was advanced, the cruell *Severus* lived proſperouſly and was adored, whileſt the excellent *Severus* was miſerably murthered, *Sylla* and *Marius* dyed in their beds, *Pompy* and *Cicero* ſlaine, when they would have thought exile a happineſſe, and *Yeſlin*, *Loyall Yeſlin*, fell by the fleſh-devouring hand of *Silenus*, but his bloud being

being ſcattered like ſeed upon the ground, brought rich encreaſe to *Romulus*, for his death gave deſire to the moſt pittifull, and power of revenge to the moſt cowardly, and now between both armies began a moſt bitter bickring, but *Lycidus* his army being not able any longer to continue the conflict were inforced to flie, feare added ſpurs to their haſt, *Flaminius* and *Amenides* added fury to valour, and deſperateneſſe to fury, and purſued them with their Squadrons, and proſecuted the purſuit as far as *Ceratina* erected by *Cyprus* (now called *Cerines*) whoſe perfidious governour *Dromus* ſurrendred it to *Lycidus*, *Flaminius* and *Amenides*, ſat downe before this City, where we will leave them and looke over the plaines of *Mamraſh*. Here ſtood a head ſtrong ſteed wanting nothing but a proud rider to guide him, there another drags his Lim-lopt Maſter up and downe the feild, the plaines which were never before overfloud, are now drowned in bloud, here lies a headleſſe body, there a Limme newly diſcinded from that miſerable trunk that lyes yet groaning, here lies a gaſping head cropt from its ſhoulders, there lye huge heapes of half dead bodies, whereof ſome curſe fate, others blaſpheme their miſdiſpoſed ſtarrs, one pitties his poore widdow, another commiſerated his Luckleſſe Orphans, and curſe the night wherein the children were borne, becauſe he muſt dye and leave them unhappy, here lies a throng of liveleſſe carcaſes, whoſe eyes are dam'd up with bloud-congealed duſt, there grovells the Son whoſe hopes were all his aged Fathers pleaſure, there were ſlaine in this battell (as is evident by the bills given in of the dead) of *Romulus* party 500. whereof one was the honourable Lord *Yeſlin*. Of *Lycidus* ſouldiers there fell 11000 and upward, among whom were *Turpil* and *Xanverde* of the nobilitie. Report carying the fame of theſe wars tied unto his wings, brought it to *Clorinda*, whereupon (education having given her more languages, then nature tongues) ſhee drew her thoughts into theſe lines, adorned them with *Roman* attire, wrapt them in paper, & diſpatcht them to *Flaminius*. *Clorinda*

Clorinda Flaminio.

Pax tibi tuta venit (comptos redimita capillos)
Nunc fulgent violæ, Lilia flava, roſæ.
Maſſica pampinei floreſcunt dona Liæi
Nunc vocat ad dulces tibia grata choros.
Pace virente, caſas habitat ſecurus Amyntas
Neve citat tutum hunc triſtis ad arma tuba.
At cum trita patent furibundi limina belli,
Turnus & armiferas aptat ad arma manus,
Aſpicis undantes effuſo ſanguine campos
Si venit in terras martia turba tuas.
Exurit paſſim ſegites, magalia, villas,
Martiaq; artifici fulmina nube ruunt.
Pace repertus amor, Mars ſpirat naribus ignem,
Hic terram tumulis ſarcinat, illa viris.
Magnificis Pacem quis te non laudibus ornat,
Ipſa Ceres, te nox induit, Ipſa Venus.

Clorinda.

Arbella loath any longer to ſee her Fathers Kingdome ſuſtaine the miſeries of war for her ſake) fled ſecretly from the Court in a diſguiſe, and apparralled her ſelfe in a tawney armor, having for her device an Auſtridge holding a horſe ſhoe in his mouth, with this word *Sic nutriuntur Fortes*, ſhe repaired to the camp and ſent this defie to *Lycidus*.

Redoubted *Lycidus* it's both repugnant to your honour and honeſty, to ſeeke to conquer that with *Mars* his lance, which can be ſubdued onely by *Cupids* ſhaft I meane *Arbellas* heart, appeare therefore in the field forthwith armed at all points to prove by what right you ſeeke the daughters love by the diſtruction of her fathers Kingdome, be not inquiſitive of my name but

let it ſuffice you to know that I am *Arbellas* friend and conſequently your enemy.

The ſtranger had no ſooner veiwed the advantages of the ground, but *Lycidus* forthwith iſſued out of the Abby(which was by this time ſtraightned for want of Proviſion)with an armour of a ſea green colour whereon was the *Simulachres* of *Priamus* and *Hecuba* hanging their heads in their boſomes, and with their naked hands upholding a deaths head, whereon was written this compoſure, *Noſtræ ſpes tanta ſalutis*, The ſtranger faild in his careere, and was ſent to write his foyle with his helmet upon the duſt, *Lycidus* (as rich in courtiſie as courage) counting conqueſt by advantages rather ſtolen then acchcived, left his ſturdy ſteed to fight on foot,but *Lycidus* perceiving the ſtranger diſcovered more anger then either skill or ſtrength, holding him farre unworthy of his hate, pittied his weakneſſe, and ſaid, Sir Knight,I conceive you fitter to maſque with *Venus* then march with *Mars*, to hold a diſtaffe with *Hercules*, then a lance with *Hanibal*, or to handle a Lute in a Ladyes chamber, then a ſpear in *Bellona's* Camp, conteit therefore no more, but husband your ſtrength, employ it againſt your enemie, for my part I am your friend and will ſpend my life to ſerve you for *Arbellas* ſake, whoſe friend you profeſſe your ſelfe, the ſtranger replyed al the ſervice I deſire of you, is;that I have no ſervice for you,but abuſed courteſie, in *Lycidus* begat wrath who united all his force,& cleft the perfidious Helmet of the ſtranger which ſtruck him to the ground, he thē thruſt his glittering ſword into his left ſide & having unlooſed his helmet (intending to crop him ſhorter by the head) eſpyed golden tramells of faire haire, falling downe upon her ſhoulders, which witneſſed that it was the bautious *Arbella*, whoſe corall lips trembled as if they were kiſſing death, the Lillie and roſe which were before united in her cheekes now broake their league,

and

and commenced warr, the Lillie got the victory, and remained maſter of the feild, and put the roſe to flight, in her forehead where the wound was made a freſh torrent of rubie blood (whoſe leaſt drop might have ranſomed *Cupid*, were he taken priſoner) ſtrove to over flow its owne faireneſſe, here the roſe tooke ſanctuary being expulſed from her cheekes, in a word here was an *Iſland* of perfect white invironed with a red ſea, in whoſe deadly ſtreame death came ſayling, and arived at the port made in her front, and ſoon chaced the ſoule, though not the beauty from her lovely body.

Now *Lycidus* (aſhamed of his unluckie victory broke his ſword, threw downe his gauntlet, and in three dayes ſhipt his whole army to returne to *Sicilie*, he bequeathed his kingdome to his brother *Silenus*, and ſpent the reſidue of his diſcontented life, in the Monaſtery of mount *Serat*, where he became a *Capouchin*, His majeſtie out of the height of benignity paſſed a bill of indempnity, & pardoned his ſubjects, & as a legg broke well ſet is ſtronger then before , and as a bow craft and wel mended ſounder then ever, ſo his peoples hearts were in the moſt corroborated chaines of love and obedience chained him by this ſingular example of clemēcie for *Le pardonner n'eſt moindre vertu aux grauds quand 'lis ſont offencez, que le vengeance vice aux petits quand ils ſont injuriez*, to forgive is no leſſe vertue in Princes, when they are offended, then revenge is a vice in the common ſort, when they are wronged, but to proceed, becauſe his maieſty would not have the griefe for *Arbella's*, death make a full conqueſt of his great minde, he admitted of this paſtorall *Eclogue*.

An Eclogue.

The Kings magiſtie being ſeated, and the roome fill'd with ſpectators of quality , *Flaminius* and *Amenides*,

enter'd in a rurall diſguiſe, intending to ſummon their ſenſes, to attend their paſtimes, to ſhew their alacritie, for the new eſtabliſhed peace, and celebrate their Ladies excellencies, under the paſtorall names of *Julietta*, & *Floretta*, calling themſelves *Archus*, and *Plaindor*, *Archus* (which was *Flaminius*) *diſguiſed began thus.*

Archus.

Come ſwaine aſſume thy ſlighted pipe, and play
Upon thy oaten reed a rounde-lay,
Come warble amorous anthems, call to be
Partakers in thy mirth the *Napææ*,
That haunt arbuſked groves, thoſe ruraII powers
That live inſhrin'd in oaken curled bowres,
Among the ſapplins tall, whoſe ſhady roof
Are ringletts knitt of branching elm, ſtar proofe,
Call *Naiades* from their obſcure ſluſe
By which his *Alpheus* met his *Arethuſe*,
Call mountaine *Orcades* for to comply
To further with us this ſolemnity,
Call the thrice three ſweet *Aganipian* Nymphs
That keeps the fancy in *Heliconian* lymphs
Of eloquence, and ſtraines heroicall
To help us tune our du'cid madrigall.
Avaunt thou *Styx* borne ſadneſſe, I'le take care
Thou ſhalt be mine no more, the ſhaddow's are
I'th deep of night, when *Morpheus* Leaden key
Locks mortalls under a black canopie,
Rejoyce, and *Jocæan* ſing to me
Now *Janus* fo'ding gates cloſe boulted be,
Sicilian tyrants are returned home
Mars is appeaſed with a hecatombe.
The tempeſt's ore, the *Cyprian* ocean's calme,
Our victors browes are crown'd with wreaths of palme.

Plaindo

Plaindor.

For Monuments we've hung up bruſed armes,
To pleaſures we've converted stern alarms
And dreadfull marches to delightfull greetings,
And harneſt ſquadrons into merry meetings.
Grim Viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his brow, in ſtead
Of mounting of a fiery barbed ſteed.
To fright pale foes, now all in a qualme
He capes in a Ladyes *Amphithalme*.
Bends all his nerves, and every meanes he'l prove
To the lacivious pleaſing of his love.
No more the fruitfull name of Cuiraſſier
Shall ſcare our ſwaines, or fleet Harquebuſier.
We ſhall diſpute no more what Cavallrie
Or ammunition meane, or Infantrie
The Pouldron and Vambrace, the caſque the ſheare
The flankes both right and left, the front, the reere
Are Exotick words whoſe very ſound
Shall be no more heard in *Cyprian* ground.
Nor ranck, nor file, leſſe when we go a maying
All in a row, or when we be a playng
At Courſe a Parke, or telling of a tale
To the Ranck't Laſſes at a Whitſon ale.
I ne're ſhall ſee a ſword, but ſuch as grow
Upon a flitch of Bacon, never know
An other pike but ſuch as daily glides
Along the ſoftly whiſſling riv' lets ſides
And by Meanders ruſhie frienged bank,
Where growes the willow greene, and Oſier dank
I neere ſhall Loricate, or imbrace armes
But ſuch as are *Floretta's* voyce of harmes.
No ſhield but that of ſnowie brawn we'le beare
Turne thou thy blade to knives great warrier
To ſubdue Geeſe, and Capons, and carouſe

Healths in thy cloſe hilt in a frolick bouſe.
To Tabers change thy drum, to kitts thy fife
Let Bagpipes and ſhrill Harpſicons be rife,
Come change thy trumpet and Bellona's flute
To the loud Cimballs, Violl, Harpe and Lute,
Whilſt in this piping time, theſe Halcion dayes
We doe conteſt who beſt their Loves can praiſe.

Arcas.

Hark *Plaindor* then how I anatomize
My Julietta, and her encomionize.
Were all the goddeſſes compoſ'd in one
They would come ſhort of her perfection.
Gray headed morne bluſh to ſee her more bright
Then th'eye of Moone, or her excelled Light.
The dangling Tramells of her curious haire
Then fine faire flax, are far more ſmall and faire.
Thoſe golden threds in an even order ſet
Entangle hearts, like fiſhes in a net.
Her front is the perfection of delight
The downe of *Venus* doves is not ſo white.
What covert charmes, what latent magick lies
Within the circles of her ſpeaking eyes.
Beames ſhot from heaven like to a fiery dart
Transfixt my ſoule, and ſcorcht my raviſht heart
When peerleſſe beauty did her cheekes compoſe
Th'ingredients were the Lillie, and freſh roſe.
They are like a plum which bluſh (the ſole cauſe is)
'Cauſe *Phœbus* now and then doth ſteale a kiſſe.
Her ſtraight noſe, dimpled chin, incirled eares
A ſnowy ſute, or Ivory mantle weares.
The porphier portalls of her honour'd words
A reliſh moſt melliſluous affords.
From theſe Jemms clad in rubie livery
I cul freſh balme to heale loves malady

He

Her teeth like orient pearle or ivory be
Or like the new borne bloſſomes on a tree.
Her thrice celeſtiall voyce which bleſſe our eares
Proclames its conſanguinitie with th'ſpheres.
Her neck more comely then the poliſh't towre
Whoſe walles Jove skal'd in a Tagean ſhowre
Her armes in hue heavens milkie zone ſurpaſſe
Or white *Æquoreall Neptunes* ſomie face.
Her lovely armes are like preſt curds, there ſtand
Ledas pale Swan *immewr'd* in either hand.
Now *Muſe* returne into the milkie way
Where *Cupid* (in a ſweat) abathing lay
About this beautious dale on either hand
Loves Alpes and *Venus Pireney* mountaines ſtand,
With Azure curles each is inammel'd round
And with a ſoft red *Porphier* berrie crownd.
Theſe are two Apples tane from Paradiſe
The graces uſe to ſport in wanton wiſe
Under their ſhades *Pomena's* ripe fruit fall
From lofty trees mov'd by no wind at all.
To doe them homage, Cupid ſucks from hence
His ſunſhine dayes and love his influence.
Greece borne and baniſht love ſeeking to find
A domicil where he might ſit inſhrin'd
Parching himſelfe in *Juliettas* eyes
Intended in her heart to ſignorize
But finding that too cold for's reſience
He tooke his flight to my cloſe heart from thence,
where with ſome firebrands, which himſelfe did lay
He ſing'd his wings and muſt for ever ſtay.
Her breſt a feild of Lillies whiter ſhewing
Then thoſe Alcinons in thy Garden growing.
Faire *Erycina's* Ida next to that
Or *Athos* ſtand, or *Cupids* Ararat.
Beneath this lies loves mediterranean
The gulfe of Venice leading to th'Ile of *Man*.

To

To praiſe the Coloums of this ſtructure, this
Adored bulke, this amorous edifice
Were a fit theame for the elaborate lines
Of ever honour'd Maro, whoſe worth ſhines
Bright in the lampe of poeſie, and raiſe
As many trumps as men to chant his prayſe.
In ſoftneſſe they the ſilke wormes web ſurpaſſe
Woven in leavy ſhop, on Loomes of graſſe.
In whitenes *Albian* clifts, in ſmoothnes the
Repumicated glaſſe of *Normandy*.
Her round ſmall feet beneath her roab doe run
Now out, now in, as if they feard the ſun.

Plaindor.

Floretta has for *Dioniæa* power
To make each place ſhe comes in Cupids bowre.
Nature did ſummon every grace to meet.
At the compoſure of a ſaint ſo ſweet;
And with more beauties they did her inveſt
Then *Cabalinean* Poets have expreſt
I'th comely Aſpect of the *Paphian* Queene
Or more then in *Corinnas* face was ſeene.
My Love a quarrie is, or Cabinet
Where beautious nature her choyce gemmes hath ſet.
Her amber locks ſhine like the *Topace* bright,
Or golden *Carbuncle*, or *Chryſolite*
Her eyes at each glance rutilate and ſparke
Like *Diamonds* in murke, tenebrous darke:
Her faire infolded eares, high front, noſe, chin
Reſemble the hate-ſpot *Emerlin*.
Argent and Gules in her cheekes kindly mix
As in the particolour'd *Jaſponix*.
The orifice, or ports of her words are
In colour Corall, in worth *Cinoper*.
Her pearle like teeth are an even placed row
Of occidentall *Margarites* which grow

In

In her freſh Rubie gumms, her round ſoft breſts
Where *Cydias* pigions fanbricate their neſts
Are Alabaſter circumſtructures, one
Loves *Oſſa* is, the other *Pelion.*
Warme azure vaines (by prudent Natures skill)
Inamell and inviron either hill,
Streames of diſſolved *Jazul*, circling founts
Of liquid Turkiſe in theſe lovely mounts
Make many pretty Iſlands, which appeare
Some Ovall, ſome in figure of a Spheare.
Her hands thoſe gemms of love *Antimonie*
Her digits nayles *Arabian Oynx* be.
She's a chaſt *Emerauld*, and that this liſt
Might perfect be, her hearts's an *Amethiſt.*
Not ſtubborne and obdurate, but a heart
Soone penetrated with loves wanton dart.
Nor can the buckets of our ruſtick quire
Quench this *Asbeſton* flaming with Loves fire.
The harmonie of lovelineſſe and grace
Combineth in the magique of her face.

FINIS.

AMORIS NVLLVS.

Flaminius and *Amænides* when their ſport was paſt fell to their repaſt, and after that retired into a flowrie feild to digeſt their thoughts, rather then their ſupper, as they were here ambulatory they eſpied a commet darting its flaming beard from the ruddy skie to the Appaled earth, this prodigious omen was attended on by formidable thunder, and unuſuall fulgurations, the Agaſt earth trembled, and with feare fell into convulſion fits, and Madam nature ſeemed to run mad, as ſhe did when *Cæſar* dyed, and ſmall peces of minced flesh

diſ-

diſcended in the manner of a ſhowre, as it was once at *Rome*. *Flaminius* and *Amenides* after they had fil'd their eyes with theſe prodigies impoveriſhed their cloathes to inrich their beds, and with what certaine imaginations are the ſlumbers of ſome eminent perſonages adumbrated ? the day before that execrable aſſaſſinate was committed on the perſon of great *Henry* the fourth King of *France*, (by *Revillac* an obſcure varlet) the *Queen* was crowned, and that night ſucceding her coronation, and the preceeding the Kings murder, ſhe dreamt that the diamonds with which ſhe was crowned, the day before were metamorphoſed into pearles which are the emblems of teares. *William Rufus* the morning before he was unfortunatly ſhot in hunting, dreamed that an extreame cold wind paſſed through his ſides.

And *Flaminius* in his nocturnall unquiet repoſe, conceived that thoſe paſtorall weeds, with which he had been diſguiſed were converted into regall roabes, and that that paganical bonnet which incircled his head was transform'd to an imperiall diademe, and that that ruſtick ſheep-hooke which fil'd his hand, was tranſmuted to a royall Scepter. *Amænides* alſo being conſopiated and luld aſleep with multiplicitie of cogitations, the ghoſt of king *Romulus* appeared to him with his head bound about with a wreath of *Cypreſſe*, and ſuddainly this ruthfull voyce exuſcitated him out of his repoſe, *Romulus* is diſceaſed, whom our muſe ſhal condole in this elegie.

In obitum ſereniſſimi potentiſſimiq; principis *Romuli Elegeia* funebris.

Romulus, Aonidum *deus altus, honoſq; Gradivi,*
Inſignis patriæ nobilis atq; pater,
Qui modo terrificis tot regna laceſſerat armis,
Celſa fuit noſtro Qui Cynoſura *polo.*

Qui

Qui fuit Euboicos *dignus transcendere fines,*
Atq; trisæclini sæcla vetusta ducis.
Qui fuit Hæmonio *dignus iuvenescere succo*
Æsonijsq; oculis claudere, fata subit.
Heu mihi, fata subit, (*Stygia hæc vox faucibus hæsit*)
Nec favet officio mors inopina suo.
Crudeles nimium Parcæ, crudelia fata,
Crudeli nimium stamina rupta manu
Delacerate comas invenes, & tundite palmis
Pectora, purpureas imbre rigate genas.
Lugete Aonides, *vos que altiloqui quibus offert*
Culta Heliconiadem Caliopea *lyram,*
Vos Colophoniaci *modulis vlulate poetæ*
Occidit Aonij *gloria summa chori.*
Lugent Sithonici *ducis inclita castra sequentes*
Nam tulit atra viris, quæ dedit alba dies.
Omnia funesto tumeant jam flumina fletu,
Atq; fluant lachrymæ more fluentis aquæ.
Indoluit Phœbus *radians, Heliconis alumnæ*
Implerunt gemitu Castalidumq; *nemus.*
At non ulterius canimus, jam linquimus vdo
Ore ipso lachrymis verba *Ligata* natant.

FINIS.

DOLORIS NVLLVS.

This glorious King was well belov'd and as much lamented as any that ever swayd the *Cyprian* Scepter, he was admired and adored as the worlds wonder, and heavens darling, the love & fiduciary obedience which he had from his subjects was drawn as a thred through a needls eye out of the apprehension of affection, his body the earthly cabinet wherein so many heavenly endowments had been stor'd up, as if all vertues had made a con-

confluence in him, their center) was eviſcerated and polivi'd and carried upon a chariot drawne by ſix horſes coverd with ſable velvet (whoſe penſive poſture made them ſeem ſenſible of their maſters loſſe) to the funeral pile, never were aſhes repleate with more wealth, his obſequie and funerall ſolemnities reſembled the fire, wherein the body of *Archemorous* was conſumed, coruſcant jewells did crackle, heate diſolv'd, ſilver ſtream'd, and gold melted, embrodered veſtiments were conſumed, and huge ſublime oakes (fatted by the juyce of *Aſſyrian* gums) penetrated the skie, with bright ſhining flames. fier'd honey and *Safforan* hiſſed, full bowles of wine, and goblets of blood, and milke were powred out, potentates and nobles encircled the pile, and the eyes of the reſt were infected with their weeping, thrice their weapons claſh, and foure times their bruiſed armes ecchoed, as oft the meaner ſubjects ſtrooke their bared breſts, and fild the aire with out cryes, They were drowned in Sadnes to ſee the potentates drencht in ſuch ſorrow, the *Plebeians* lamented with trickling teares to beare the diapaſon in the peeres melancholy muſick, heards of lowing cattell and beaſts halfe ſlaine were devoured by another waſtfull fire, the honoured duſt of this renouned Prince, *Patriot & Patron* ſhall bee deplored with perpetuall elegies, this glorious ſunne which was ſet in the terrene Horizon, and tranſlated to ſhine in heaven, was incloſed in a ſlender vrne, and adorned with this *Epitaph*.

EPI-

EPITAPHIVM.

MIRACVLI HOMINVM

ROMVLI REGIS.

Immortale decus patriæ, ſol vnius orbis,
Doctorum ſtudus, Sophiæ, iuſtitiæ ocellus.
Pelliger inviciis Martis laus Romulus *armis*
Inq; intentè toga Charitum mellita voluptas
His jacet; ante diem fatis ereptus iniquis.
Sic furibunda juis mors ſceptra ligonibus æquat.

Thus was the duſt (though not the immortall fame) of this monarch (of famous memory) interr'd, but now his imperiall throne was empty, his kingdome was an *Anarchy*, the lords brooked not a confuſed democracy, and the commons affected not an Ariſtocracy, or oligarchie, but all ſorts applauding regalitie, (knowing *deux teſtes ſur vn' corps eſt choſe monſtrue* two heads on one body is a monſtrous thing, unnanimouſly expected a new monarch, the line of *Romulus* did determine in *Arbella* (whoſe Tragedy is prementioned) wherefore by unite conſent *Flammius* (whoſe mother *Capricia*, was ſiſter to *Romulus*) was proclaimed King of *Cyprus* (the fortunate Iſland the paradiſe of pleaſure, The granary of *Ceres*, the wine celler of *Bacchus*, the beſt Salt-pit of *Neptune*) in the place of his defunct uncle. His inauguration or publique coronatiõ was prorogued for fourty dayes, which were ſpent in mourning for their late Soveraigne, and this terme expir'd, his way was ſpred with ſcarlet cloath & he in a ſumptuous chariot of gold, the wheeles being pureſt ebony, and covering of crimſon ſatten, crosbard with ſtaves of gold, rode to the temple

of

of *Venus*, where he was crowned, and ſeated upon a cuſhion ſtuft with the hearts of his ſubjects, as he returned, home to the palace, his guard and attendents ſung theſe verſes.

Hæc ſacra Erithræis lux eſt ſignanda lapillis.
Semper habenda bona eſt multo in honore dies.
Nunc feſto pulſanda pedeeſt tellus, & amænis
Nunc ornanda ſacri floribus ara Jovis.
Plaudite nervoſi juvenes, reddantur honores
Cælicolis, feſtis addite thura focis
Addite fragrantes quos miſit Eous odores
Quoſq; Hiſpana novo pinus ab orbe tulit.
Flaminius *ſolium hodie petit altus eburnum,*
Ornat honoratas clara corolla comas,
Vive diu fælix, patriæ pater optime noſtræ
Et numeres annos quot tua vota vocant.

Now *Flaminius* was to execute juſtice, as before Magnanimite now he made his life the example of his Lawes, and his Lawes the maxios ariſing from his deeds, ſo that I might with as much facilitie diſcribe the whole art of good government, as his proceedings honour and regality, make a difference between the neereſt relations, and degrees of ſtate, diſtinguiſh betwixt the moſt intimate aſſociates, *Flaminius* and *Amænides*, (which before were intire familiars,) now doe not ſo much as diſcourſe but at a diſtance, *Romulus* his death made the one a royall ſoveraigne, the other a Loyall ſubject, though fortunes next taske was to elevate him, even *ad culmen honoris*, *ad Regium Faſtidium*, and this meanes ſhe uſed to accompliſh her intention, She prompted him to invade *Sicilie*, and that he might gild his project with a ſpecious pretence, he pretended to revenge the invading of *Cyprus*, and to pay Silenus in his owne coyne, and to puniſh him by the law of retaliation, By his

his formidable courage in warr, and facetious carriage in peace he purchaſed and entailed the peoples affections to him, who were now ambitious to court any occaſion, to evidence to him how much they were his ſervants, they throng'd to enroll themſelves, under ſo heroiq; a chiefetaine who when he had liſted 30000. reſolved warriers enbarqued for *Sicilie*, to whom we will ſay as the Greek Commander did to *Teucer*, Καλὰ πλῶ proceed, and proſper.

Flaminius was no ſooner warme in his Throne, then he was fired with the thought of *Clorindas* Love, theſe cogitations were wing'd with deſire of fruition, theſe wings (he having conſtituted *Pruteus* his vicegerent in his abſence,) carried him to his port towne *Famagoſta*, which is erected upon a palme betwixt too promontories, in forme almoſt quadrangular, whereof two parts are waſht by the Sea, here he enbarqued for the impreſſe and empreſſe of the Sea, the darling of the *Cærulian* god, the female paradiſe, *England*, after foure dayes ſaile this noble fleet (conſiſting of twenty ſhips) was diſcried by an armado of *Algire pirates* whoſe firſt ſalutations were the thundring reports of gally roaring peeces, the *Cyprians* in a quick reply ſent out a back ſounding eccho of firey flying ſhots, which make an *Equi-nox* to the clouds, the pirates preſented them with another voll which rebounded backward in their owne perturbed breſts the ambiguous ſounds of feare and hope, now they all turned broad ſides, and began the monomachy boarding one another, now the equorean park put on a new Livery, & was inveſted in a purple roab, the glittering fiſhes which uſe to be *mens foſterment*, have mens blood for their aliment and element, *Phœbus* ſeeing ſo many wounded perſons takes up his bed, fearing leaſt they ſhould leave him no roome, deſcended from his *Olympian* Charriot, and crouded in with them, ſo that the two ſhatterd fleets were compell'd

pelld by the tenebrositie of the night to end the conflict, the *Cytherean*, (the *Pirates* being discomfited and dispersed) steerd forward to *Albions* Imperiall chamber *Troynovant*, where their spousalls were celebrated, with as many complements of State as magnificence could give, or regalitie receive, *Clorinda* (like the sunes *Heliotropeian* flower that shuts its yellow Curtayne, when he declyneth and opens it againe at his fayer rising.) at her Lords departure closed up all delights, but now at his returne courted them againe, having a new and fiery spirit dauncing upon her amorous heart-strings The bridegroomes Suite was tissue, his cloak cloath of gold, whose buttons were the richest and largest Diamons that ever Prince wore, or Subject saw, the Brides gowne was of white velvet having at every seame a lace of gould and row of Rubies, her faire haire had nothing on it but golden ribban twisted like a diadem, which begirt her high fronted forehead, and fell downe upon her back, closed up at each end with the richest Jewell in the orientall Cabinet, her neck (which stained the whitenesse of her garment) was adorned with, (or rather did adorne,) a carkanet of *Jndian* pearle, for rich attire which is the sole ornament of *Sophisticated* and *Plebeian* beauties, did derive that lustre and gracefullnesse which it had from her elegant feature, which I dare not delineate, in all its demensions left (Gentlemen Readers) I should prejudice you, which intended only to delectate, and make all your hearts (which were lately your owne freehold) to be copie hold in fee of her, let it suffice then to know that she was a Lady of a flowing sweetnesse, and the living glory of noble Ancestors, whose vertue and beauty were above all Titles.

When *Phœbus* had spread his sweaty limbs upon his marine couch, the happy couple followed his example & bedded also, to whose solemnities *Bombar* chanted this Epithalamium.

Epi-

Epithalamium.

Mirrour of Men, tis *Venus* will
Thou ſhouldſt approve thy abler skill
In loves *Pharſalia*, that ſhe
As well as *Mars* may boaſt of thee.
Thy foe is the ſelected flowre
Of *Albions* knot or beauties bowre
A *Cytherean Amazon.*
Loves *Pentheſilean* champion.
Impriſon her in thy foulding armes
And ſtoutly ſtrike up loves allarms:
And ſatiate with agile delights
Your unreſtrained appetites.
My joy, and happie *Omens* meet
With pleaſure in the geniall ſheet.

In this ſportive *Sciamachie*
Where lips both shafts and targets be
No cannons are, thy head to shroud
In a blew miſt or ſmoakie cloud.
This is *Cupids* iolly feaſt
Who proud to pleaſe ſo choyce a gueſt,
Through loves Alimbique thee invite
To diſtill the joyes of night,
And from thy *Mycrocoſme* by
The art of *Paphyan* Chymiſtrie,
One *Catapaſmian* balme derive,
Which may preſerve thy name alive.
May joy and happy *Omens* meet
With pleaſure in the geniall sheet.

Both theſe whom *Hymen* here untie
Make up but one Hermaphrodite

Let their affections (Queene of love,)
Within the ſame ſpheare alwaies move,
And never terminate or know
A thing call'd period, but grow
And with their wreathes be alwaies ſeene
Like *Daphne* cloath'd in Aprills greene.
Thou that canſt thy trophies ſhow
O're theſe, and o're thy mother too,
Kindle dayly their deſires
Towards one another with new fires.
May joy and happy *omens* meet
With pleaſure in the geniall ſheet.

The influence of ſtarrs above
Do Sympathize with ſacred love
This night by *Venus* aſſignation
Of two is made one conſtellation
For *Virgo* is (to ſhine more free)
Transferred into *Gemini*.
Theſe twinckling ſtarres concur to beare
A Hieroglyphick of you here,
But ſtop here muſe now *Juno's* rites
Waite to be done, extinguiſh lights,
Leſt by their glaring is deſcride
The bluſhing of the baſhfull bride.
My joy and happy *omens* meet
With pleaſure in the geniall ſheet.

Whilſt golden mouth'd *Bombar* ſung theſe, the hearers ſeemed to be charmed by the magique of his aires, and to be deprived of all motions in their bodies, their hearts were raviſhed with his wonderfull harmony, and their eares chained to the ſweetnes of his tongue: but becauſe theſe lovers happineſſe ſhould bee no longer provoked every one avoided the roome and emptied their cloathes to fill their heads, having their heads filled with dreames

of

of that felicitie they envied in others, and longed for in themſelves, by that time the mornings miſtris with diſhevelled treſſalines had ten times taken poſſeſſion of the aire, and as oft releaſed it againe to *Cynthia*, theſe Princes prepar'd to returne to their owne kingdome where they monarchized in the moſt unlimited latitude of ſupremacy.

Let ruffling *Eurus* in *Æolian* jayle
Ly cloſe confin'd without maine priſe or baile.
Come *Amphitrite* with thy ſea greene traine
Of Nymphs to trip it o're the liquid plaine,
Come *Doris* with thy watry band, and all
The Druid crew Chryſoſtomaticall.
Come *Creſcis*, and ſweet tongu'd *Cymodocea*,
With *Zantho*, and æquoriall *Amothea*.
With golden treſſalines *Dexamine*
Come hand in hand both blith *Cymothæ*.
Through *Neptunes* park this Navy dance before
And uſher it to *Cyprus* peeble ſhore.

The ſea ſhouted for joy to beare *Clorinda*, and the wind ſung aloud his gladneſſe to court her, hee fild the Canvas wings of the fleet with auſpicious guſts, and carried it with a pegaſian celerity to the intended harbour, the ſhore was made a goodly Theater, the rocks and battlements were crowned with venerable age, and lovely laſſes, preſſing to obtaine a glympſe of their new Queene, who being crowned, and ſeated at *Nicoſia*, this Maſque was prepared for the entertainement of their Majeſties.

DEORVM DONA

A

MASQVE.

Preſented before *Flaminius* and *Clorinda*, King and Queene of *Cyprus* at their Regall Palace in *Nicoſia.*

LONDON,
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DEORUM DONA.

A Maſque Preſented before *Flaminius* and *Clorinda.*

THe palace being hung with rich *Babilonian* tapeſtrie, of various ſhapes wrought by the needle of *Semyramis*, and perfumed with the wealthy gums of *Parchica*, ſuch as the *Arabian* bird fils her neſt with, when ſhee prepares to ſacrifice her ſelfe, and their Majeſties (cloath'd in the precious skins of *Ermynes*, wearing crownes, whoſe luſtre dim'd *Ariadnes* coronet embeliſhed with the glorious *Olympian* lamps) being ſeated, the firſt thing obvious to the ſight, was a rich ornament that encloſed the Scene, on the one ſide ſtood a man, bearing a Scepter, with a hand, and an eye in the palme, in the other hand a booke, on his head a chaplet of *Amaranthus*, his curace was of gold, with a *palludamentum* of blew, and antique baſes of crimſon, his foot trampled on the head of a Serpent, by him was imported juſt Governement, oppoſite to him ſtood two young women in draperies, with their armes joyned, the one denoting the glory of Princes, the other manſuetude. The curtaine was white, and a pale red in panes, which ſuddainely flying up diſcovered a faire proſpect of the palace, and the city *Nicoſia*, which being the Metropolis of the Kingdome, might (Synechdocally) bee taken for it all.

The *Genius* of the Country warned by a loud muſick deſcended, and enter'd. *Genius.*

GENIVS.

WHen *Jove*, and nature metamorphoſed
The undigeſted lump,(which was the bed
Of indiſpoſed confuſion) a rude load
Where ſcuffling ſeedes of things miſplac't aboad.
Where ſprings, ponds, lakes immenſe and hewtes curl'd
Were with things hot, dry, humid, frigid hurld.
So when the game is playd, the Cheſſmen be
Though dignified with names of majeſtie,
Though God-like Kings, or reverend Biſhops they,
Or honourable Lords be call'd i'th play,
Or Knights errand or worthies of the growne,
They're altogether into one bag throwne.
But to our taske, when out of this dull maſſe
By heavenly Alchymie extracted was
A world well orderd, and methodicall,
The fire and thin aire were higheſt place't
The ſolid ſelfe clog'd earth did loweſt fall
And was by the vaſt Ocean imbrac't,
In whoſe larg precincts many ſea-girt lands
And Iſlands fenced by ſalt water ſtands,
Which *Amphitrite* with her cripſt locks hem
So various *jemmes inlay* a diadem,
Neptune his tributary gods that graces
Gives them the government of theſe ſmall places,
And let them weare their ſaphrie crownes, and weild
Their little tridents in their watry feild;
But this faire Iſle which of its ſelfe affordes
Matter to build an Ocean furrowing ſhip
From the top gallant to the keeles low bottom,
And furniſh it with tackling, and munition
Without the help of exotick addition.
Untohis blew hair'd dieties he quarters,
And he himſelfe with a brave flying guard
Of winged courſers, her ingariſon.
Then her indulgent guardian provided
A ruler worthy of ſo rare an Iſle,

But *Jove* obſerving his juſt government
Tooke him to his *Olympus* there to be
His colleague, vicegerent, deputy,
His life we lov'd, and wiſht, but he expir'd
Your hapineſſe is of our *hearts deſir'd.*
And you the orbe where power, and beauty move
Faire Queen of Amathuſia, and love,
Each Subject hath erected on his heart
A veſtall flaming Altar, to offer up
A thankfull ſacrifice for your arivall,
At this white houre, t' incloſe ſo faire a gueſt
Our Land waxt proud, and I the *Genius*
Am by ſo great a preſence weakt, and glory
To bid you welcome in your ſubjects names,
Whoſe hearts dance in their eyes for joy of you,
Their pulſes all beat muſique, and their blood
Beat in their blew-rooft channells a ſoft meaſure,
Even as the radiant Olympick cole
Whoſe heate thawes annually the icy pole,
By his coruſcant beames correct the ſight,
Of mortalls eyes that dare gaze on light,
Even ſo you move in ſo ſublime a ſpheare
With awfull reverence, and regall feare,
Majeſtick Queen, your ſacred majeſtie
Fires kindled by your eyes doe qualifie,
For you (Adored *Cypria*) had been
The whole worlds Miſtris, if no *Cyprian* Queen.
Phœbus and *Cynthia* of our hemiſpheare,
Father, and Mother, of our fertile Ile,
May your admired court, and raigne become
The pattern for all Princes imitation
And be the coppy Kings ſtrive to write after,
Heaven crowne my wiſh, whilſt earth concur to ſing
Kind fortune fan you with a *courteous wing.*

Enter *Fortune* conducting fame and vertue.

For-

Fortune.

Tranſlucent twins of Love, and majeſtie
I that of things *ad libitum* diſpoſe,
And this man elevate, and that depoſe,
I that advanced *Servus Tullius*
That tumbling came into the ſpacious world,
A vaſſell cadit or coſmopolite.
Even to the Apex of all mundan honour,
I that caſt Muſtapha the Ideot
From th' *Ottoman* throne, & ſealed *Oſman* there
And dandled him in my lubricious armes,
Till weary of my dalliance I threw him downe,
Inveſted *Muſtaph* in his priſtine ſtate,
Reducing Oſman to ſuch penurie
He begged a draught of water at a fount,
Then out of cruell pitty I commanded
An obſcure Ianizary to diſpatch him,
I, that made *Arlots* Illegitimate ſon
To ſway the ſcepter of rich *Albion*,
I have depos'd my variableneſſe
And ſworne alleagence to faire conſtancie,
I'le never interrupt your happines
By any churliſh or diſaſterous frowne,
Which oath is as irrivocable as
The ſtrickt law of the Meedes and Perſians was,
About your palaces the yellow ſtreames
Of *Tagus*, *Iſberus*, and *Pactolus*,
Shall run & meet there with the Indian *Ganges*.
Little petty homagers all ſtubborne Princes
Shall proſtrate their ſhining ſcepters at
Your moſt majeſtick feet and gredily
Shall glory in your royall ſervitude,
Crowns pil'd on crownes ſhall pave your happy paths,
And Captive Kings wait on your chariot.
And erect ſtatues to your memoryes

Which

Which ſhall ſurvive Egyptian Pyramids,
And laſt when Hyems hath frozen up the world,
And when old palſie time ſhall droop, and halt
Being ore worne, and moatheaten with yeares.
Your joyes ſtill bud, and grow, and gemminate
And not be capiable *to terminate.*

Fame.

Before Joves ſpangled portalls(with a crew
Ofbright aeriall ſoules) I dwell inſphear'd
Chanting the conqueſts of the ſon's of valour
And magnifying their great names, which laſt
Unbitten by the canker worme of time,
I neere can take a trump to carroll forth,
Some royall Potentates heroick name,
But Mars ſtill rounds me in the eare, and ſayes,
Fame ſing *Flaminius* worth, whoſe mighty facts
Hath made the world a regiſter of's acts,
Whoſe manly heart propitious *Jove* doth bleſſe
With haughty ſpirit, that ſpirit with ſucceſſe,
Victorious ſucceſſe with laſting glory
Which glory makes his martiall feates a ſtory,
Whoſe ſpreading fame with gray hair'd time ſhall vie
And be companion of eternity.
When I would blaze a beauty *Venus* comes
And with her fatall magick charmes me thus,
Harke thou repoſitor of comelineſſe,
From *Albions* Iſle where ſilver *Thames* dos dally
With the even boſome of the ſpungie ſands
And often waſh the fructifying ſides
Of her beloved bankes, with wanton tides,
I have tranſplanted to my *Cyprian* Iſle
Clorinda, from whoſe fair ſun bright eyes
Iſſue ſuch ſparkling heart ſurpriſing rayes,
As proclaime her the wonder of her dayes,
Her brow excell's the *Rodopeian* ſnow,

Her

Her ſilken haire which in curld ringlets grow
Might make ſo many ſtrings for *Cupids* bow.
Her eyes can make a ſtubborne ſouldier melt
Although his heart be hearder then his ſheild,
Each ſmile of hers hath a magnetick force
To attract ſoules, her Angells voyce can charme
A *Satyre* rude, and rock his wanton ſoule
Into *Elizian* ſlumbers, let her be
Genophilus the ſubject of thy ſong.
Erect a temple to her honoured name
The Virgin quire ſhall make it their devotion
To pay her gratefull *Paans*, and to crowne
With everſpringing garlands her faire ſtatue;
I have deſcended through the ſilver orbes
To ſatisfie theſe dieties, I've tane
A ſhrill reſounding trumpet, new, and clean,
Leſt it it ſhould taint my breath, whilſt I blaze forth
Your names which as in deep graven characters
Shall laſt for times immortall proceſſe ſure,
Whilſt *Phœbus*, *Phœbe*, and nights fry indure.

Vertue.

Bright ornaments of the heaven covered world
To whom the far fam'd *Cyprian* nation bow
I'ts moſt obſequious, and willing knees,
On whoſe illuſtrious fronts the regall crowne
Imprint no rigorous, and auſtere frownes
Your ſubjects hopes of joy to batter downe.
But whoſe auſpicious, and calmer eyes
Pronounceth *omens* of enſueing joy,
And defuſe hopes of ſafety to their hearts,
Which pious reverence doth thaw to ſtreames
Flowing ith' current of obedience.
Your Raigne's become a lecture of pietie
Which transfuſe through your court an admiration,
And Zealous ardour of its imitation,

Nay

Nay the high towring flames doe penetrate
The dapled skie, and make Gods emulate,
Jove envy your rare vertues (*Potent Prince*)
And *Juno* (*Mighty Queen*) your ſhare of graces,
Which make you ſo reſplendent in all places.

Now the muſick ſounded and fortune, fame, and vertue, danced to its meaſures, Corantoes, Durettoes, Moriſcoes, Galliards, aud ſung thus,

Fortune.

With gentle ſtarres I will concur
in influence,
On you of all joyes to confer
the confluence.

Fame.

With every jocand ſpring your fames
ſhall bud, and grow,
No envious guſt your fragrant names
can make to blow.

Vertue.

Your loves I'me try'd in hard aſſayes
Majeſtick paire
Now ſhall a crowne of deathleſſe praiſe
adorne your haire.

Fortune.

Your joyes which on a Helix move
no evill ſhall croſſe
Till *Lacheſis* webs preys doe prove
to *Atropos*.

Vertue

Vertue.

Then Royall Sir, and Regall bride
my golden key
Shall ope the palace where abide
Eternitie.

Fame.

Your dayes ſhall daune with every day
and ſhine, and glow
Tributes of praiſe each age ſhall pay
yet ſtill muſt owe.

Exeunt.

The Scene was transformed to that part of the Sea, that waſhes the *Cyprian* ſhore, on the one hand were erected two pedeſtalls, whereon Captaines lay chained, on the other hand a woman in a ſea green drapery heightned with ſilver, on her head a *corona roſtrata*, with one hand holding the rudder of a ſhip, with the other a little winged figure with a branch of palme, and a garland, this woman denoted navall victory.

When the ſoft muſick ſounded, *Neptune* and a *chorus* of Marine Nymphs aſcended, with a ſea triumphe of children riding on ſea horſes, and young *Tritons*, with their writhen trumpets, they all ſung this ditty.

Beſt of men, and beſt of Kings,
Homage and peace thy Navy brings
Where ere ſhe ſpreads her canvas wings,

Thy Foemen when thy flags appeare
Are halfe ſubdued with Panique feare
Leſt thou towards them thy courſe ſhoulſt ſteere.

Alas

Alas they preliate in vaine
'gainſt thy wing'd Pegaſean traine
Which gives club law upon the maine.

We all thy *Palizado's* be
To keep thy ebbing Ocean free
From ſtormes, and filching piracie.

A greedy Foe with as ſmall toyle
Another land may ſack, and ſpoyle
As touch thy ſea Nymph guarded ſoyle.

Should we give raines to flouds once more
Till earth and ſea one viſage bore
And that Sea knew no bounding ſhore,

Thy moving bowers would in pride
Supported by the raging tide
Triumphing ore the drownd ball ride.

Then would ore plaines and hillocks too
Thy wounded pinas to viſit goe
High mountaines where they once did grow.

Exeunt.

The Scene changed to a magnificent palace, adorned with al manner of diliciouſneſſe, *Comas* appeared & ſaid.

Come lets diſpeople all foure elements,
And when we've ran th rough all the regiſter
Of paſt delights, lets ſet and ſtudy new ones,
Darke vail'd *Cotytto* ſtay thy ebon chaire
Wherein thou triumpheſt with Herate
And let not nice mourne on the Indian ſteep
Peep from her cabin'd loop hole, let no cock
His matins ring, till pomp, and revellry

have

Have tane their fills, with maſque, and pagentry.
Let midnight ſee our feaſt and jollity
And weare a blacker maske, as envious
Of our dance, jocond rebecks, and wreathed ſmiles.
Now *Tellus* is arrayd in freſh attire
And prickt, and dect with *Flora's* tapeſtrie,
And each groves Quiriſters doe warble anthems
And all to grace this nights ſolemnity.
Now that blith youth upon whoſe cluſterd locks
A wreath of jvy berries ſet, have cruſht
From purple grapes a moſt Nectarian juce
That mortalls may with freedome entertaine
Blith joy, and debonair mirth, which againe
At this good time to viſit mortalls daigne.
Muſick whoſe loſty tones grace Princes crown'd
Unto this novall coronation ſound.
Fame with a blaſt as love as ratling thunder
Proclaime this pompous frolick holy day,
That *Jeve* may know of our quips, and cranks
And to beare part in our ſmooth ditty'd pranks
Leave valted heaven, and his skie Roabes put off
And pure ambroſial weeds of *Iris* woof,
Attended by *Coruſcant* conſtellations
Who to preſent ſhall make it their next taske
Before *your Maieſties* an nother *maſque*.

Let

Let us leave theſe Potentates in their Court, the manſion of flouriſhing pleaſure, (where delight in all her ſhapes, and ſtudied varieties, every minute courted their ſoules to actuate their chiefe felicities) and ſtep o're the Sea to *Ameindes*, who at his landing fell downe (by his foot ſlipping) and brought up ſome earth in his hand, as if he had taken livery and ſeiſne of the Countrey, he ſoone ſtormed the ancient ſeate of the *Sicilian* Kings Palermo the happy (ſo ſir-named for the delightfull ſcituation) but *Lilenus* came quickly downe, with a reſolute legion, who made a hedge with their own bodies to impede the progreſſe of *Amenides*, and finding him poſſeſſed of *Palermo*, he then beſieged him: but he, becauſe he could not take a ſound ſleepe: but *Hercules-like* with club in hand becauſe of the beſiegers, challenged his enemies to let fortune decide the controverſie in a pitched field; which being aſſented to, and his army marſhalled becauſe hee was to venter all his ſtocke in one bottom, and to ſtand to the ſucceſſe of one Croyſado, he ſharpned and feſtinated his Armies animoſity with Brachylogie.

My heroicke Heroe's, and couragious Compeers, my intention is to cuſpidate and ſet an edge upon your magnanimity, and to cauſe an ebulition and boyling up of our high wrought ſpirits to the height, now when you had need of *Robor & æs triplex circa pectus*, a breaſt plate of adamant, a burganet of ſteel, to make you impenetrable, againſt the haile ſhot of impugnation.

We muſt not expect that this honourable prize, this θεαθῆον will be e *Salmacidum ſpolium ſine ſanguine, &* ſudore, no, no, τῇ ἀρετῇ ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ the gods ſell all for ſweate, a *Philomacy* comes not to his exiſtency, nor obtains any competency of skill in the *Encyclopædie* without many nocturnall lucubrations, *Mula tulit fecit puer, ſudavit, & alſit.* Hee muſt ſucke in the ſmoake of

many candle lights ſtudies, before he can perform any thing that ſavours of the lamp.

A mechanicall Artificer cannot thrive in his vulgar ſtation without more then vulgar ſedulity, what running velletation, combates, and contentions were in the Pythian and Olympicke games to obtaine the Chaplet, and ſhall wee thinke that the Crowne of the Queene of the *Mediterranian* Iſlands will come dropping into our laps if wee be remiſſe and perfunctory in our proceedings. No, no, a Throne is not got with a wiſh, nor a Scepter obrepted with a Song. *Non eſt a terris mollis ad aſtra via.*

Wee muſt not with *Marcus Lepidus* ſtretch our ſelves upon the graſſe, and ſay *ô utinam hoc eſſet laborare*, our intention muſt rather be as ſtable, and unmoveable as the Roman *Fabritius* of whom it was ſaid, that one might with as much facility obvaricate the Sunnes progreſſe as cauſe him to digreſſe. *Il faut ſemer devant qu' ou puiſſe moiſſouner*, wee muſt ſowe before wee reape, we muſt conquer before we triumph, win the Garland before wee weare it; timidity and conſternation will hold out a Gorgon head of encumbrances, and tell of *Chimæras*, and Phantaſies of determents: but let not theſe daſh our hopes, melt our courage, or emaſculate our reſolutions, for believe λυσιτελεῖν the hyperbolicall game wil quit the coſt, our noble reward is that great knot of ſtrength which *Cato* called the granary and nurſe of the people of *Rome*. *Cicero* terme'd it the treaſury and life of the City, a Land deliciouſly fertile, and wonderfully productive, humectated with winding catracts, and ſmall ſluces, this will bee an opulent purchaſe, and a good penny-worth at my rate; *Imperia pretio quolibet conſtant bene.* *Agrippina* eſteemed the *Roman* Empire well bought, though ſhe purchaſed it for her Sonne *Nero* with the loſſe of her owne life.

life, *Occidat modo imperet.* Let us then oppugne all obſtrigillations, which are but as ſteps for us to aſcend to honour, and when the names of our conſpirgated antagoniſts ſhall rot above ground, and they themſelves be rung down to the duſt with a peal of ſatyres, ours ſhall be odoriferous to poſterity, and ſucceeding generations ſhall enbalm them with honour. This dulciloquie inſpired the fainteſt hearts with freſheſt courage, and made them impatient of delay, they and their horſes too, with a *clamor militaris*, and loud acclamations aſſented to their Generalls Oration.

Silenus alſo was encouraging his Souldiers when the claſſicum of their enemies was rhetorick enough to invite them to their tasks. The black clouds poured down upon the *Sicilians* ſtore of Funerall teares: and ſholes of Ravens and other birds of prey) as predicting the harveſt of carkaſſes at hand) flew over their hoaſt.

A ſore Battel was begun, and with equall ſucceſſe a long time maintain'd, where the graſſe became gray-headed for want of moyſture, it was ſprinkledwith a ſanguilent Nectar. Here was a Father divided from his Son, here a Husband from his Wife, and yonder where there was no Kin they be joyned in blood.

But becauſe that *Cato* the Cenſor that taught the young men to preliate with a ſteady foote, would often ſay, that words and ſhoutings had more power to amaze and put enemies to the rout, then handy ſtrokes, wherefore *Amenides* hoaſt did amaze their adverſaries with a ſhrill clamour, whereas the *Cicilians* (as if the whole army had had but one heart) let all their courages fall into their feet, which now they altogether truſted to.

Amenides who knowes as well how to uſe as gaine a victory, purſued his diſſipated foe-men to *Mount-royall*

their chiefe Aſſylum, which place being reduced to the height of penury by the multitude of the Garriſon, and deprived of ſupplyes from the adjacent and conterminent Villages, by its cautelous beſiegers. *Silenus* in a diſguiſe fled, and got to the Academy at *Tolouſe*, where hee changed his royall Ermynes for ſables, and became a phantaſticall Scholler, ſpending the reſidue of his life in enigmaticall diſputations, as whether or no *Caſſandra* was troubled with the tooth-ache, how many knots were on HERCULES Club, of what colour ACHILLES Beard was, hee ſtudyed himſelfe halfe bleareey'd to know the true ſementry of *Cæſars* noſe by a Shooing-horne, and all to bee dignified with the name of a ſpeculative man.

But the Citizens conſidering *ameux vaut plier rompre*, its better to bow then breake, and ſeeing that their egreſſe afforded no hope of regreſſe, of feare of their foes ingreſſe, and perceiving no happy helpe, for their helpeleſſe hap, had wit enough to ſet their ſailes that way that the winde blew, and to wheele about as they ſaw occaſion, that they might bee of the prevailing ſide. Much like the man in *Macrobrius*, who during the Civill Warre betweene *Auguſtus Cæſar* and *Antonius*, had taught two Crowes their ſeverall notes, the one to ſay *Aue Imperator Antoni*: the other to ſay *Aue Imperator Auguſti*. That ſo when the Controverſie was determined, what ſide ſoever prevailed he might have a Bird for the Conquerour.

So *Silenus* being fled, his Subjects ſubjected themſelves to the Victor, and framed themſelves to call *Vivat Rex Amenides*, who ſoon adorned his Royall browes with the Regall Circle, the Gates were opened to entertaine his Army, and the peoples hearts

hearts were opened to entertaine himſelfe.

But thoſe which ingenuity prompted not to love him, hee taught to feare him, knowing *primus in orbe deos fecit timor*. But it was as poſſible for *Phœbus* to find new pathes to drive his Chariot in, or for the Loadſtone to forget its faith to the North, as for *Amenides* to turne Loves Apoſtate, and be unmindful of *Dionella*, by the ayre of whoſe Bleſſed name, *Chamelion-like* hee lived, having taken fealty of his Subjects, ſteered his courſe to *Naples*. At his preſence *Dionella* was revived, as a ſtarved flye is when the Sun get out, after their Epithalmie, they repaired to *Sicilie*.

Now theſe Potentates, *Flaminius* and *Clorinda*, *Amenides* and *Dionella*, after they had a long time Monarchiſed in the higheſt degrees of Soveraignty (having left a numerous off-ſpring to ſway their Scepters whom I wiſh a Chryſoſtomaticall repoſitor of their vertues) yeelded rather to a gentle diſſolution then death. Their Bodies are interr'd in the moſt magnificent Cathedralls in their Dominions where the ſumptuonſneſſe of their Monuments proclaime their extrinſicall Fortunes, and their ever-living Fame their intrinſicall endowments. But when their Stateneſſe and Tombes, compoſed and erected of Gold, Marble, or Ivory, ſhall drop down into aſhes, and crumble by peece-meale into non-entity and bee found as ARCHIMEDES his Tombe (by *CICERO*) in Vepretis, crowned with moſſe, and over-growne with bryars, and thornes, I wiſh they may ſurvive in this Monument of their Fame.

***

FINIS.

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